THE MARRIED BEAU:

OR, THE

Curious Impertinent,

A

COMEDY:

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

BY THEIR

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by Mr. CROWNE.

LONDON:

Printed for *Richard Bentley*, at the Post-House in *Russel-Street* in *Covent-Garden*. 1694.

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TO THE

RIGHT Honourable

THE

Lord Marquess of *Normanby*,

Earl of *MULGRAVE*,

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and one of Their Majesties Most Honourable Privy Council, &c.

HAving not long since presum'd to dedicate a worthless Poem of mine to your Lordship, I offend against Custom (at least) by giving you any more trouble of this kind. But in times of rejoycing, men are frequently transported to Extravagance. Your Lordships favour at Court, and the steps you are making them to Power and Greatness, all Men that love the honour and happiness of *England*, esteem as a piece of publick prosperity. For many Wise men believe the Publick too much needs the assistance of such Abilities as yours.

As I am an *Englishman*, and a Lover of my Country, (for truly so I am, though it has not shewed much love to me) I am extremely glad, I will not say, that your Lordship, but that the Kingdom is in a fair way to rise by your favour in the Court. You gain little by it, for you were before in the first rank of Mankind, though not for Power and Fortune, yet, in what far transcends 'em both, in Understanding and other great Qualities, which are Honours and Grandeurs, God only can give; and he gives 'em sparingly, to put the greater value upon 'em. Therefore your new Honour gets more luster by you, than you do by that; and your Lordship, which (by the confession of all men) has an extraordinary sway and eminence, in one of the wisest and most illustrious Assemblies of *Europe*, the House of Peers, cannot properly be said to get Advancement, by being plac'd in a

lower Council, but we have Reason to hope his Counsels there will be advanc'd by your Lordship.

I have some particular Reasons also, why I am highly pleas'd with your Lordships good Fortune at Court; I have some hopes [illegible] by it. For I have always found your Lordship ready to encourage and support me. You have been most generous to me. For a trifling Poem, not worthy your regard, you gave me a most noble Reward, in order no doubt to excite me to something better. I have often talk'd of it, and [illegible] with admiration; Partly out of gratitude, and partly (I confess) out of vanity. I am proud of favours, from so wise, so virtuous, so just, so severe, and so knowing a Judge, as your Lordship. Many other favours you have bestowed upon me, and they came freely from you, not forc'd by solicitation and importunacy; the rude and robust way, by which men of hard foreheads do often push themselves into Fortune. 'Tis very strange to see how often practice [illegible] Great men will do more for those who often trouble 'em, and seldom or never please 'em; than they will for those who often please 'em, and never trouble 'em. But your Lordship, if I mistake you not, is not to be so managed. You will not willingly be induced by any thing but merit. I do not from hence infer, I have deserv'd, for sometimes Effects have occult Causes, and to some of these will I ascribe my good Fortune in your Lordships favour. This I am sure, when ever I or any man can shew any qualities worth your Patronage, we shall not fail of it.

I attempt to fancy your Lordship will make the poor Province of Poetry your peculiar care, for there you once lived, (or rather reign'd a while, in great splendor,) and by your own Writings took pains to cultivate, adorn, and enlighten it, with design and desire, no doubt, it should flourish. But alas! how barren and miserable is it now? No ray from Court shines on us, that we live, methinks, like people without the Sun. We are excluded from all commerce with any places of Profit, as if we were wild *Arabs*, that liv'd not by pleasing men, but plundring 'em. I am going to talk like a Fool; but *oppressus* (the Scripture tells us) *will make a wise man mad*; if so, 'tis not probable that it will make a Fool wise. How many Kings and Queens have I had the honour to diverti? and how fruitless has been all my Labours? a maker of Legs, nay a maker of Faces at Court has made himself a better Fortune,

sune, than Men much my Superiors in Poetry could do, by all the noble Fire in their Writings. I will not presume to lay any blame upon Princes, they have greater matters to think of, than such things as we are; and I was never a good Remembrancer. I never had a Talent for begging, following, and waiting; the principal Qualifications requisite in a man, who will make his Fortunes in a Court; but they were always more burdensom to me, than any misery I ever yet felt. My chief, if not sole attendance has been upon the fantastical Princes of my own begetting, the Off-springs of my own Male, and my Rewards have been accordingly fantastical and imaginary. But I forget my business, which is not Complaint, but Congratulation; Musicians, which come to serenade, should not Play doleful Airs; and none but Mourners hang black Scutcheons at the front of their Dwellings. To express rejoycing, we kindle up Fires and Lights. I have not much fire of fancy, but I am sure I have of Zeal and Devotion for your Lordship; and let that, plac'd at the Front of this Play, serve instead of Illuminations, and to express how joyful I am of your Lordships encreasing Honour and Happiness: And so I shall be, though my particular interest receives no advantage by it. For the Obligations you have already laid upon me, are so many and great, that, though I never receive any more, I am bound to be for ever,

My Lord,

Your Lordships Most Thankful,

Faithful, Humble Servant,

John Crowne.

THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

Pardon me, if I trouble you with a short Vindication, not of the Play, but of my self. I have not heard of many Objections against my Poetry, but what is of more consequence to me, I am told some part of the Story in my Play, and some Lines in the Prologue, have made my Morals and Affection to the Government call'd in Question. 'Tis strange that any Man should believe the Author of the English Fryar is willing to see Fryars and Romish Priests return amongst us. As ready as they are to pardon sins, I do not think they will very easily forgive offences against themselves. Can the Author of Regulus be a Friend to Slavery, Treachery, and Correspondence with a Foreign Enemy? Let them that think so, for a farther proof of their Opinion, look on the Characters there expos'd, of an ambitious aspiring Arbitrary young Statesman, of a lazy, false, luxurious Priest, of a corrupt, flattering, idle Gentleman, of a treacherous, covetous Merchant, trading secretly for private profit, with a publick Enemy? All these kinds of Men if I lash'd in that Play, and was lash'd for my pains by the Enemies of the Government. What, will the Friends and Leaders of it give their Followers no Pay if they charge, and Blows if they but seem to retreat, or only stand still? that's hard. But let us examine the few suspitious Lines which have made me thus mistaken. 'Tis said in the beginning of the Prologue,

"Wou'd we were wise as grave; wou'd we cou'd get
"More signs of Wisdom, than a scorn of Wit.

This some say reflects upon the wisdom of some in Authority. I never knew the Play-house was design'd for the assembling of any Magistrates, Judges, or Persons in Authority, but those called Criticks. But if all the Privy Council, and Parliament were there, shou'd I shew disaffection to the Government, by wishing every Man there had Wisdom? Does it follow that the minute a Man has wisdom,

wisdom, he will be an Enemy to the Government? This is the Consequence of such reflections. They that make 'em, are thick sighted, and do not see to the end of their own Reasonings. When they look on any Writing, they shou'd lay it closer to their Noses. In another place of the Prologue 'tis said——

"For your own sakes shew Poetry esteem,
"Lest barb'rous *Picts* you to all Nations seem,
"And now be both in Wit and War out-done,
"In which we once all Nations far out-shone.

From these Lines some conclude I am no Friend to the Government. What? does a Man that excites the Gentlemen of England *to a love of Honour and Courage, shew disaffection to the Government? Then let all the King's Trumpets and Drums look to themselves, they are doing they know not what. And, will any Man say that when once the Gentlemen of* England *have any Wit or Bravery, they will no longer be Loyal to the present Powers? Well, how have I been deceived in my Stuff? I never thought it cou'd have taken such a Colour. I was afraid of another dye, that I shou'd have appeared sawcily Loyal, and censur'd all the Gentlemen of* England *that go not to the Wars, by intermedling with their Honour. Well, since I get no Friends, I will not make my self any Enemies. Why many Gentlemen are not pleas'd to hazard themselves I do not know, nor have I any authority to enquire; but I do not believe either Cowardise or Dilloyalty keeps 'em at home. All I mean was an humble advice to 'em, not to lay the reputation of* England *low, by shewing little regard either to Wit or War. And in that I think I shew'd very good affections both to the Government and Kingdom. So much for my Loyalty; now to my Morals: In the Play a Lady's Vertue is vanquish'd by temptation, and she is led out to be debauch'd, and not long after returns and confesses her sin: This offends some Ladies, but 'tis hard to know which offends 'em, the Sin or the Confession, the latter Example perhaps they like worst. If the sin be the offence, the Ladies have led my Muse astray, by going so often to see the same Assaults and Conquests, more grossly represented in other Plays. If they had been more nice, my Muse had been so; for I will assure 'em, I wrote to please them, and not my self. But Ladies are to be treated with all manner of gentleness and respect, therefore I will not violently hale in their Examples for my Vindication.*

tion. I will make use of a higher and more Sacred Authority. What will they say to many wanton Images in the Holy Bible? and particularly to the Story of the Woman catch'd in Adultery? The Holy Apostle, and chast Virgin St. John, thinks it no breach of the Laws of Modesty, to paint the Story with more Nudities than mine is; for he says the Woman was catch'd, not in the fact, the crime, the sin, but in the-act, a more blunt expression is seldom us'd in the Bishops Courts, when they wou'd make a home-proof of such a transgression. I will venture to say the sinner in the Gospel does not make altogether so fair a figure as mine does. The Jewish Adultress is all over stain, her sin is laid open, and her Penitence hid, we see nothing of that. The Lady in my Play sins but once, and often repents. The Jewess is pardon'd, at least reprieu'd, and mine is severely punish'd, by her Rival her Lover, nay her Servant, till she grows weary of her sin, and wholly abandons it. Now I thought the Meditations of the Ladies, wou'd have slipt over the sinful part, and dwelt all upon the Penitential. On the contrary the Contemplations of many Ladies dwell all upon the sinful part; there they keep a pudder and bustle, and I cannot get 'em out of that Apartment. Well there let 'em be, I will not be so rude as to disturb Ladies; especially since the work is done to my hands, by other Ladies of as unspotted Reputations, and as nicely, scrupulously vertuous and modest, as my fair Enemies can be. So I shall leave the Ladies to fight it out, and henceforward I will stand Neuter, and with all my heart, love and honour both sides.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN this grave Age, ill Poetry despis'd;
Which Rome *and* Athens *above Riches priz'd.*
Would we were Wise as grave; would we could get
More Signs of Wisdom, than a Scorn o' Wit.
Some swaggering Gallants Poetry deride,
Because it brings not Coin to feed vain Pride.
Though empty Pockets are a heavy Curse;
Yet, let me tell you, empty Heads are worse.
And many a Gallant, who looks huffing big,
Owes all his Grandeur to his swinging Wig.
Small Wit he covers with a broad-brimm'd Hat.
Ah! What a very foolish Sight is that?
Wit, in its self, does Ornaments contain;
Laurels, from Poetry, their Lustre gain.
To Fools in Bays, we see, no Honour shew'd;
Who minds a wooden Head in a Commode?
For your own Sakes, shew Poetry Esteem,
Least barb'rous Picts, *you to all Nations seem;*
And now be both in Wit and War out-done,
In which we once all Nations far out-shone.
Poets you starve out of their noble Rage,
Yet expect Oracles upon the Stage.
Worse than Egyptian *Bondage they endure,*
Onions and Garlick they can scarce procure;
To make you Brick, indeed you find 'em Stuff,
For in your folly they have Straw enough.
Sirs, 'tis good husbandry, this harmless way
Of Poetry, to keep good Wits in pay.
That stream of Wit which here so gently rowls
To nourish Priest-craft, turn'd, might grind your Souls.
Poets are Slaves; by Priests you've been enslav'd,
Had they been Poets, ah! What had you sav'd?
The lively Images by Poets shown,
Are better Lay-mens Books than those in stone.
Wit here to scorn exposes Fools and Knaves,
Elsewhere it plots to make you Fools and Slaves.
Here you've Wit cheap; but at a heavy rate
Elsewhere you buy't; and get it oft too late.
Pleasure and Profit from the Stage you gain,
Then let not Muses sing to you in vain.
And shew this Muse a little kind regard,
She oft has pleas'd you, and had no Reward.

Dram-

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. *Lovely.* A new Married *Beau*: He has some Wit, but more Affectation; believes himself very Handsome, and desires to be thought so by all Ladies, and especially by his Wife.

Polidor. A Man of Wit and Fortune; much esteemed and trusted by *Lovely.*

Thorneback. A bold, debauch'd, conceited, witty, elderly Spark; who thinks himself very well to be lik'd by any Beauty, and attempts all Women he knows.

Sir *John Shittlecock.* A whimsical, silly, giddy, young Amorous Fop; in Love with all the Women he sees, and is never in a Mind a Minute.

Mrs. *Lovely*: *Lovely*'s Wife. A witty, beautiful Coquet, that loves to be Courted and Admir'd; but aims at no more. She's proud, and has great Value for Honour.

Cecilia. A young, foolish, Maiden Beauty, Mrs. *Lovely*'s Sister.

Camilla. A vertuous, devout, reserv'd young Beauty, of small Fortune.

Lionell. Mrs. *Lovely*'s Waiting-Woman. She's young, handsome, and amorous; only very desirous of a Husband.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

THE

THE Married BEAU: OR, THE Curious Impertinent.

ACT I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Enter on one Side Lovely *looking on his Cloaths, on the other* Polidor.

Pol. HOW now? What Gallant that, that plumes himself,
And hovers round this Church, as a Hawk does
Over a Bush, when 'tis full o' Birds?
And now the Church is very full of Beauty.
Why is that Spark o'th' out-side o' the Church?
Oh! now he turns this way, —— It is my self ——
—— Admiring Friend —— The great new Married-Beau,
—— The handsome *Lovely*; so he thinks himself,
And prizes that poor Praise above all Honours.
Say but he's Handsome, one may have his Soul.
When —— A Pox on't! he is not very handsome,
And less agreeable for Conceit.
'Tis pity: —— He has many excellent Qualities:
He's very Honest, Valiant, and good natur'd,
Has some degree of Understanding too
In other things; friendly he is to all,
But he seems passionately fond of me,
Which gives me a little Tenderness for him.
Oh! He has found me!
Lo. My Dear *Polidor.*
Let me embrace thee —— gad —— I dote upon thee ——

I love thee above all things, but Womankind;
Nay—Gad—above all Women but my Wife.
Pol. Oh dearest Lovely! that's a Sin in thee;
Nature made thee for the Delight of Women——
She has given thee Ten thousand Charms and Graces.
Lo. Oh Sir! your Servant, Sir; your humble Servant.
D'ye jear your Friend?
Pol. Come, come, you know 'tis true;
Now thou would'st defraud Nature of her Bounty,
Should'st thou not scatter it among the Ladies;
For whose sweet Sake they were bestowed upon thee.
Lo. Oh fie upon thee! how thou anger'd me.
Pol. Rather this Flattery is so pleasing to him,
That were he Lean, 'twoul Fat him in a minute.
See! see! he swells! I will mortifie him. (*Aside.*
Nay, *Lovely*, if I burthen you with Praise,
I can withdraw a little for your Ease.
Gad, y'are not so handsome as you were
Before you Married.
Lo. Yes, I'm full as well
As e're I was; nay, better in my Thoughts.
Pol. Nay, in thy Thoughts I'm sure th'art well enough;
I knew he wou'd not part with Flattery;
But flatter himself, if I refus'd to do it. (*Aside.*
Nay——th'art too well——thy domineering Face
Commands the Town, conquers where-e're it comes,
Puts all the Women under Contribution.
Lo. Well——th'art the obliging'st Fellow in the World;
I love thee in my Soul;—— Kiss me, dear Rogue.
Pol. So, I have brought a Kiss upon my self——
Pox—o' my Folly——*Aside*——Ay, with all my Heart.——
(Lo. *and* Po. *Kiss.*
Lo. Well, here are two good Faces, though I say it.
Pol. Wou'd two good Heads belong'd to these good Faces.
Here do I pay a Fine for a Fools Friendship;
One cannot have Impertinence for nothing. (*Aside.*
Well *Lovely*,—— How dost like a Married Life?
Thy Wife, I'm certain, is well pleas'd with it.
Lo. Certain d'e say? Did sh'ever tell thee so?
Pol. No, no; but I am sure she must like thee.
Lo. Oh! Is that all? th'ast lifted me to Heaven,
Then let me fall down to the Earth again.
You must know, *Polidor*, I think my Wife
The Top, and Glory of the Creation;
And to possess her, is the utmost height
Of Happiness, a Creature can attain.

Pol. Then thou art on the very *Tenarif* of all Felicity.
Lo. Oh! Wou'd I were.
I have, whene're I please, my Wive's soft Arms,
And rosie melting Lips; but there's a Part
I seek much more: What Part dost think it is?
Pol. Oh! Fie upon thee! what a Question's that?
What Part of her! What Part should you seek most?
Lo. Her Soul! her Soul! I'd be admir'd by her.
Oh, Sir! to be admir'd by a fine Woman,
Surpasses infinitely, infinitely,
All the Delights her Body can bestow.
I'd rather a fine Woman shou'd admire me,
And to Eternity deny her Body,
Than grant me her Body fifty times a Night,
And all that while never admire me once.
Oh Heavens!
What wou'd I give, this Wonder of a Woman,
Did believe me a Wonder of a Man?
That a sweet Odor breath'd out of my Skin,
As it is said there did from *Alexander*?
——And that——
Pol. ——And that thy Sweat is Ambergrease.
Lo. 'Tis true —— and that my Eyes——
Pol. Are Burning-Glasses,
And fire her Heart whenever she comes near thee.
Lo. Well, you are merry, Sir, but I am serious;
Thousands I'd give, my Wife thought thus of me,
And thousands more, that I cou'd know she thought it.
Pol. Ay, there's the Difficulty; I have heard
Of Tubes, that let the Eye into the Moon,
But of no Instrument to find out Thought.
Lo. Yes, there are Arts of prying into Thoughts,
And I've inverted one to search her Breast.
When I have told it thee, thou'd think me mad:
I wou'd not utter it, but to a Friend.
Oh *Polidor*! I do entreat thee, conjure thee,
By all thy Love for me, and mine for thee,
Make passionate Addresses to my Wife.
Pol. Addresses to thy Wife! Let me look on thee.
Lo Nay, pause a little e're thou think'st me mad.
This will search all the Secrets of her Soul:
If she yields to thee, she owns what she is.
Pol. But I will own it too, thou foolish Fellow. (*Exit.*
Lo. If she resists thee (as I'm sure she will)
She'll tell thee on what Principles she does it,
Whether from Honour and Religion,

Or from an infinite Regard to me.
If I've no other Tenure of her Heart,
Then what the Church gave me in Marriage,
She's a Church-Leaſe, I ſhall not value her;
But if ſhe ſays,——Pray, Mr. *Polidor*,
Don't trouble me, Sir, I am well beſtow'd,
In my Eſteem, no Man excels my Husband;
I hate to look on any other Man.——
——If ſhe ſays this, and thou wilt let me know't,
Thou't pleaſe me more, than had'ſt thou both the *Indies*,
And ſhould'ſt lay all their Riches at my Feet.

Pol. Is he a Fool to the Degree he ſeems?
Or does he think me one, and has a mind
To put a little pleaſant Trick upon me?
I care not what he means——He has anger'd me,
I'm bound in Honour, to do all I can
To lay a Pair of Horns over his Cock's-Comb,
Revenge my ſelf, and make him an Example. (*Aſide.*
Lovely, I promiſe thee I'll try thy Wife.

Lo. Thank thee, dear *Polidor*, ten thouſand times.

Pol. Prithee where is ſhe now?

Lo. Yonder, at Prayers;
Re-conſecrating, by Devotion,
The Church, which idle wanton Fops profane:
She is the Roſie Eaſt, and riſing Beauty,
To which the whole Church bows.

Enter ſeveral Women as from Prayers.

Oh! Prayers are done.

Pol. Yes, the fair Female-Army, which pretend
To War on Sin, break up their Holy Camp;
Now they diſperſe, Sin will break in upon them.

(*The Women put on their Maſques.*)

Lo. I'm angry with 'em for their Vizarding.
I had as live a Woman pick'd my Pocket,
As ſteal her Face from me; What mean they by it?
Are they aſham'd of having been at Prayers?

Pol. Some of 'em Maſque, no doubt, to be pick'd up,
And by their Vizarding, abjure the Church,
And make Confeſſion of another Faith.
When they have been a while aloft in Heaven,
They wou'd be catch'd, and have an eaſie Fall.
In Heaven! (ſaid I?) Their Contemplations
Aſcend no higher than Commodes and Wiggs;
And a good Height too, as thoſe things are rear'd.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Lovely, *followed by Gentlemen, who Whisper, Stare on her, and Bow to her.*

Lo. Oh! Here's my Wife! See! She is no light Piece.
She makes the Garden bend, all the Fops bow to her:
Wou'd she admit Inhabitants, my Bed
Might be a populous Place: now come along;
I'll carry it very coldly, proudly to her.
Do thou observe how it disorders her;
For that's one subtle way to try a Woman.
Ha! My Wife here! a Wife is a dull Business. (*To Mrs.* Lovely.
Come *Polidore*, let's look upon the Beauties;
My Wife's no Beauty, in my Thoughts at least.
I Marry'd her for her Discretion,
And that, I think, is her most taking Piece.

Mrs. Lo. for my Discretion? I despise the Man
That values me for my Discretion——— (*Aside.*
Is my Discretion my most taking Piece?
Pray do you know Discretion when you see it?
I am afraid you don't; I am apt to think
Discretion is not your most taking Piece.

Lo. What do you think is my most taking Piece?

Mrs. Lo. I cannot tell———I never took you asunder,
I Took you altogether in a Lump.

Lo. How? in a Lump? that is a clownish Word:
Am I a thing to deserve such a Phrase?
She'll have me put into a Wheel-barrow.
What mean you by a Lump, good Madam *Lovely*?
A Lump is a rude thing without a Form,
Or many things heap'd without any Order.
Am I such a disorderly rude Pile?
In my Opinion, I am put together
Almost as well as your fair self, Good Madam:
A Lump, Good Madam! Why am I Lump?

Mrs. Lo. Oh! How this scurvy Lump sticks in your Stomach.

Lo. The Compliment is not divertising.
Sh'as anger'd me by this affronting Word; (*Aside to* Polidor.
But I believe she does not speak her Thoughts.
This is Revenge for my Contempt of her;
A sign she sets some Price on my Esteem:
Now I reflect, her Anger pleases me.
Now I will make a desperate Assault:
For, *Polidor*, I'll play thee at her now.
I'll tell her thou art in Love with her.

Pol. Do—do———

Lo.

Lo. Well Madam, do not grieve for want of Love,
Here is a handſome Gentleman that admires you.
Mrs. Lo. Does he indeed? I'm very glad to hear it;
For I am ſure I am his great Admirer,
And have been ſo from the firſt time I ſaw him.
Cou'd I believe it, Sir, 'twou'd make me vain; (*Aſide.*
But you ſpeak not your Thoughts, for if you do,
How chance we do not ſee you oftner, Sir?
Pol. I do not care to act the Devil's Part,
To live in Flames, and ſee another Happy
In a fair Boſom, where (upon my word)
I'd rather be, then in old *Abraham's.*
Mrs. Lo. Oh! Mr. *Lovely,* this is to pleaſe you;
To praiſe your Conduct in your Marriage.
All Men deſire to be thought Wiſe and Happy,
And therefore you muſt thank your Frind for this:
And if he raiſes me in your Eſteem,
I'll thank him too.
Lo. Gad, this is kindly ſaid.
Th'att a fine Woman, and I love thee dearly.
What I ſaid lately came not from my Heart:
'Twas only Raillery.
Mrs. Lo. I gueſs'd as much.
Pol. What! Then our Plot is ended. (*Aſide to* Lovely.
Lo. No—Not yet.— (*Aſide to* Pol.
Pol. Yes, but it is, for now I call to Mind, (*Aſide to* Lo.
I am in Love with a young pious Beauty,
I wou'd not looſe for ten ſuch Wives as yours:
And ſhou'd ſhe hear I am ſo Falſe and Lewd,
As to attempt Debauching my Friend's Wife,
She'd ſhun and dread me, as I were the Devil.
Lo. She ſhall not hear of it; but if ſhe does,
She loves thee ſo, ſhe will believe no Ill of thee.
Pol. Some tell me ſo; but I cannot believe it—
Lo. Well—Where's your Woman?
Mrs. Lo. Why? Is ſhe not with me?

Enter Thornback *with* Lionel.

Lo. Look! She's pick'd up by ugly old *Tom Thornback.*
They tell me Women love that odious Fellow.
Pol. Who tells you ſo?
Lo. He tells me ſo himſelf.
Pol. Ay, ſo I thought; no body elſe will ſay it.
Lo. I have ſeen many Women fond of him.

Pol.

Pol. Ay, Wenches, to Cully him out of his Money;
Or Civil Women out of Raillery
To laugh at him; and he has Self-conceit
Enough, to think the Women are in earneſt.
Mrs. Lo. Does he in earneſt then make Love to Women?
Pol. In ſober earneſt.
Mr. Lo. Oh! Ridiculous!
What! and believe they can love ſuch a Monſter?
Pol. Ay, and in earneſt think they dote upon him.
Mrs. Lo. Impoſſible! he has ſome ſtock of Wit.
Pol. There's no pure Wit, as there is no pure Element:
And Men of Wit will believe things incredible;
Witneſs the ſtrange Religions in the World,
Receiv'd by Men of no ſmall Wit and Learning.
And as ſome great Philoſophers believe,
The Air is full of Spirits and Hobgoblins;
So many an ugly Wit, like him, believes
As ſtrange a thing, that he is no Hobgoblin.
Mrs. Lo. If I did think he was ſo great a Fool,
I'd carry on the Jeſt, for he Courts me.
Pol. Madam, you can't profeſs more Love to him,
Than he'l believe you have.
Mrs. Lo. Then we'll ha' Sport.
Lio. Enough dear Squire! Pray let me go at preſent,
Th. And thou canſt love a Fellow ſomething Elderly,
As I am?
Lio. Pſhaw, I can't abide young Men.
Th. Gad th'art a witty Wench, and haſt great Judgment.
I love thee as dearly as thou canſt love me.
I don't fool Women.
Lio. No, no, they fool you; ——
And that I hope to do, for all your Craft. (*Aſide.*
Th. I'm forc'd to fool thy Lady, I confeſs,
That I may have Pretence to come at thee:
I'm ſorry for't —— She appears kind to me;
And Gad I can't abide to fool a Lady.
Lo. Why how now *Tom*? Stealing my Houſhold-ſtuff?
Mrs. Lo. Oh Mr. *Thorneback!* Are you Falſe to me?
I though you had been my paſſionate *Platonique.*
Th. Pox on't! What makes her talk before her Husband? (*Aſide.*
Oh Madam! Your *Platonique*! you may ſwear it.
Lo. How now *Tom*! Court my Maid and Wife too?
Sure you begin too late for ſo much Buſineſs.
Your Clock, I think, has ſtruck ſome Five and fifty.
You'r going down apace. Wo't Marry him, *Lionell*,
If he'll ha' thee? For what wo't do with him?

Lio.

Lio. Sir, I'll endeavor to wind up his Clock.
Th. A ſawcy affronting Puppy! I'll be quit with him. (*Aſide.*
Faith, Sir, I am at th'Age, I muſt confeſs,
When Nature compels moſt Men to give over
Practiſing Love; ſhe pickes 'em o're that Bar.
And truly I give over publick Practice:
I only draw Conveyances in private;
But not of Lands to Heirs, of Heirs to Lands.
I can conveigh a Baſtard to a Cuckold;
If his Wife joyns for it, he muſt have her Thirds.
Lo. Cuckold! you don't give me that ſcurvy Name?
Th. Why Sir? you tell me I am Five and fifty;
That's old enough to be your God-father,
And give you a Name.
Lo. This is a keen tongu'd Fellow. (*Aſide.*
Come *Tom*, I take it, you're a better Bowler,
And a Back-gammon-Player, than a Lover:
Give over *Tom*, playing at Games of Love.
Th. No, never Sir, whilſt I have any Stakes.
Pol. Now *Tom*, I ſee why you frequent the Church.
I wonder'd to ſee you ſo very Godly.
Th. Why you and I, and moſt Men, go to Church,
As the Dogs do, after our Miſtreſſes.
Lo. And like a Cur,
Thou never get'ſt a Bone till it is pick'd.
Th. Faith, Sir, I get as much good Fleſh as you do.
For I have one very convenient Vertue,
Which prevails every where: I've Impudence.
You are a Girliſh Fellow; you expect
Women ſhou'd court you; you think your Attractions
Can, like a Whirlpool, ſuck the Women to you.
E-Gad, the Women are not to be ſuck'd;
So the tall Boy does only ſuck his Thumbs.
Lo. 'Tis a ſharp Raſcal, I will give him over. (*Aſide.*
Oh *Polidor*! Here comes your pious Beauty.

Enter Camilla.

Mrs. Lo. Sweet Creature! Where haſt been theſe ſeven years?
For every Hour that parts us ſeems a Year. (*Mrs.* Lovely *Embraces* Camilla.)
Cam. I've not been well.
Mrs. Lo. How chance then I was well?
I had been Sick, had I known you were ſo.
Where is my Siſter *Silly*?
Lio. In the Church, Madam.
Mrs. Lo. At Church! What does ſhe there? the Prayers are done.

Lio.

Lio. But all the Bleſſing is not over, Madam;
While any of the fine young Sparks are there.
Mrs. Lo. You think 'em Bleſſings then?—Come, hold your Prating.
Lo. Look! Look! She's got with a young Gallant there.
Who is it?

Enter Sir John Shittlecock *and* Cecilia.

Th. 'Tis one Sir *John Shittlecock*:
A giddy, ſilly, amorous young Fop;
In Love with every new Face he ſees.
Pol. Theſe empty Fops are *Covent-Garden* Fruit;
And grow to this Church-wall.
Lo. Ay, but they often fall in Ladies Laps.
Pol. I'd have 'em brought in Baskets into Church
By the Fruit-Bawds, as Fruit is in the Park.
Sir Joh. And Madam, did you read my *Billet-doux?*
Ce. Ay, ay, I read it when I kneel'd to Prayers.
I am a wicked Creature; fie upon me!
Sir Joh. My Dear! Dear Soul!
Ce. Don't ſpeak to me in publick,
Pray now; for if I'm ſeen, I am undone.
Sir Joh. And my Dear, won't you be undone for me?
I'll be undone for you with all my Soul;
And I ſhou'd be undone, if I ſhou'd Marry
Without my Friends Conſent.
Ce. And ſo ſhou'd I.
Sir Joh. And won't you be undone?
Ce. May be I will.
Sir Joh. Gad, we will be the Envy of the World.
Ce. Go, go, begone, begone; my Siſter ſees me.
Sir Joh. Have you a Siſter, Madam? Which is ſhe?
Ce. That's ſhe, that looks this way.
Sir Joh. A ſwinging Beauty!
Gad, handſomer than this a thouſand times—— (*Aside.*
Pox, I ſhall never mind my Miſtreſs more.
Ce. Oh dear! my Brother comes, I ſhall be chid.
Lo. Sir, you Converſe with a young Lady here.
Sir Joh. She is your Siſter, Sir, I underſtand.
Lo. Yes: May I crave your Name, and Buſineſs with her, Sir?
Sir Joh. Yes Sir; my Name is Sir *John Shittlecock.*
My Family is a great Family:
Many great Perſons, Sir, are *Shittlecocks*;
And my Affair is honourable Love.
Sir, y'are a very handſome Family;
I ſhall be very glad to Marry in it.

If this young Lady be dispos'd of, Sir,
I shou'd be very proud of this fair Lady.
Lo. I beg your Pardon, Sir, she is my Wife.
Sir Job. I cry you Mercy Sir; your humble Servant.
Oh! here's the finest Creature in the World; (*Turns to* Camilla.
And one I've seen at Prayers a thousand times;
And that's enough Acquaintance, I will speak to her.
Madam, I am your very humble Servant. (*To* Camilla.
Pol. Have you any Business with this Lady, Sir?
Sir Job. Why Sir?
Pol. Because I make Pretences here.
Sir Job. I ha' no Luck —— Well Sir, your humble Servant:
You are before me, and I'll do no VVrong.
Oh Gad! here is a pretty Waiting-woman;
Prettier than all of 'em a thousand times.
Dear Soul! (*To* Lio.
Th. Ben't so Familiar, *Shittlecock*,
For I pretend to have some Interest here.
Sir Job. What a Pox! All these VVomen are bespoke.
Why don't they set their Marks upon their VVomen,
That one may know 'em?
Lo. Come, shall we go Home?
Your Servant, Gentlemen.
Sir Job. Your humble Servant, Sir.
Oh Gad! VVhat pretty Ladies are all these?
I am mad for 'em all —— Let's to a Tavern
And drink their Healths, and talk of 'em, dear *Tom.*
Th. Well, I'll endure thy Follies there a Minute —— (*Ex.* Th. Sh.
Lo. Madam, shall we enjoy your Company? (*To* Cam.
Cam. I beg your Pardon Sir, I am engag'd.
Your Servant, Madam —— (*To Mrs.* Lo.
Mrs. Lo. Oh! your Servant, Dear.
Lo. Come *Polidor.*
Pol. I'll wait on you immediate —— (*Ex.* Lo. *Mrs.* Lo.
I'll only speak one Word with this fair Lady. Ce. Lio.
Madam, may I have Leave to wait on you?
Cam. Oh! by no means Sir, I've a Servant here.
Pol. None so ambitious to attend you, Madam,
As I am.
Cam. Pray Sir, spare your self the Trouble.
Pol. A Trouble to enjoy the Conversation
Of one so beautiful in Soul and Body.
They two, and only they, deserve each other.
I pretend not to merit so much Happiness,
As now I beg, if Love has no Desert.

Cam.

Cam. Love Sir! That VVord you Gallants uſe ſo much
With every Lady, that methinks 'tis bare.
I am betray'd!—— He has been told I Love, (*Aſide.*
Therefore he talks of Love; and if I ſtay,
I ſhall betray my ſelf: I bluſh and tremble.——
Well, Sir, your Servant.——
Pol. Pray permit me, Madam.
Cam. Oh! by no means; I'm very near my Lodging.
Pol. No, Madam, y'are from thence millions of Miles;
For your Religious Heart is lodg'd in Heaven:
You are the only *Covent-Garden* Saint;
The only fair young Lady comes to Prayers,
Or the reſt come for Lovers, or for Husbands.
Cam. Ay, ſo it may be all you Gallants fancy:
You think y'ave more Attractions than you have,
And we leſs Vertue and Piety than, I hope,
You find we have, when we come to the Tryal.
Pol. All the VVorld finds you are too much a Saint.
You are ſo far from granting your whole ſelf,
You grudge th'unhappy VVorld a Sight of you.
You ſeldom go abroad, except to Prayers,
And there you let your Hood fall o're your Face,
And hide thoſe Beauties, for which thouſands dye,
I've watch'd to chear my Eyes with ſeeing you,
VVith all th'impatience of a Feaveriſh VVretch,
After a tedious Night to ſee the Morn,
And ſeldom gain'd ſo ſmall a Charity.
Converſe with Angels when you are in Heaven;
But while you are on Earth, let Mortals hope.
Cam. Hope for me, Sir! I'm plac'd below your Hope.
My Fortune's ſmall.
Pol. I'm very ſorry for't——
Since thou haſt ſuch a plaguy Stock of Vertue—— (*Aſide.*
Cam. I know you are too wiſe to hope for me;
This Compliment, is only Charity
To one you think a poor Diſconſolate,
And hopeleſs Maid: Indeed, I am not, Sir.
Pol. No, Madam, no; you may have what you pleaſe.
Cam. I have it, Sir; I have all I deſire.
Howe're, I thank you for your good Intention;
And ſo your Servant, Sir.
Pol. A charming Creature.
I cannot part with her —*Aſide*——Nay Madam, ſtay.
Cam. Pray do not hold me thus in publick, Sir.
Pol. VVe will retire then to ſome Privacy.
Cam. I never talk with any Man in private.

Pol. VVhat! neither talk in publick nor in private?
Cam. Not with your Sex, unleſs they have Buſineſs with me.
Pol. Oh Madam! I have vaſt Affairs with you.
Cam. You have diſpatc'd 'em all; y'ave done with me.
Pol. No, I have much to ſay.
Cam. VVhat wou'd you ſay?
Pol. VVhy Madam——Gad I don't know what to ſay: (*Aſide.*
I'm loath to nooſe my ſelf in Marriage.
I have not time to tell you half my Thought.
Cam. Nay, then Sir, you muſt keep 'em to your ſelf;
For I can ſtay no longer.
Pol. Muſt you go?
And I be left in Sorrow here behind;
Pray, Madam, take me with your Mind;
Since I muſt go with you no other way:
Grant ſo much Pity.—— (*Ex.*
Cam. VVell, perhaps I may—— (*Ex.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *Lovely*'s Houſe.

Enter Lovely *and* Polidor *at ſeveral Doors.*

Lo. OH! thou art welcome, my dear *Polidor.*
Now let me lead thee to my other Darling,
My charming VVife.
Pol. I will not tamper with her.
I love *Camilla*, as much as you can do
Your charming VVife; and ſhou'd I court your VVife,
VVhat wou'd become of me with fair *Camilla*?
Li. She ſhall not hear of it.
Pol. Your VVife will tell.
No VVoman has much Continence in her Tongue.
Lo. VVell, if ſhe boaſts of it——ſay ſhe is Vain;
You may diſpoſe *Camilla* to believe you.
But ſay you loſe *Camilla*; VVhat d'ye loſe?
VVhat you deſpiſe, the Soul of a fair Lady.
Her Body I am ſure you'l never get.
She's not to be debauch'd; ſhe has been offer'd
More Money than has bought ten Towns abroad.

Egad!

'Egad, there is no Garison in *Europe*
So fortified as she; she's Money proof.
She never will be yours dishonourably,
And I am sure you'l never Marry her.
Pol. How know you that?
Lo. Because she has no Fortune.
But if you will, you may when e're you please,
Though you shou'd make Addresses to my Wife:
For seeming to forsake my Wife for her,
You make my Wife the Victim, her a Goddess.
Suppose there be a little danger in it,
What, will you venture nothing for a Friend?
I've stak'd my Life for you, and more than once.
Pol. But not in such a foolish Cause, as this.
I did not make you fight to be admir'd;
Though you perhaps had such a Wise Design.
Lo. Well Sir, perhaps I had; if it was foolish,
'Egad, the noblest of Mankind are Fools.
Do not the Gallants dress to be admir'd,
Go to the Parks and Plays to be admir'd?
Do not Wits and Scholars Write to be admir'd?
Do not Heroes Fight and Die to be admir'd?
And Kings make dangerous Wars to be admir'd?
Will you presume to say all these are Fools?
Pol. Well, but I so much dote upon *Camilla*,
I do not care to see another Woman.
My thoughts will be so much upon *Camilla*,
'Egad, I shall talk nonsence to thy Wife.
Lo. So much the better, Man; she will believe it
A flight of Wit, an extasy of Love.
Do not the Women admire every day
Nonsence in Plays, and think it lofty Stuff.
Flatter be sure, then if you fly beyond
All bounds o' sence, she'l go along with you,
Lift up all parts of her above the Heavens.
Pol. O! Pox! what shou'd I do with 'em there?
Lo. O're flow in Flattery, fear no excess.
Let it be Sence or Nonsence she will swallow it.
You cannot give Woman such a Dose of Flattery,
Which she'l not easily swallow, and digest.
They're used to't, as Turks are to Opium;
They hourly give themselves a lusty Dose,
And what would stupisy, and kill another,
Only refreshes them, and makes 'em lively.
Pol. This I must do, to know how she admires thee.
Canst thou not be content thou hast her Body?

Lo. Thou art for digging downward in a Woman?
Come up 'ith air, Man, and be ſweet and clean.
Pol. I am for digging where moſt Treaſure is,
My Wand will bend that way, then have a care.
Lo. Though I've a Charming Beauty in my Arms,
I do not think I have full fruition of her,
Unleſs I know her Favours ſpring from Love.
Pol. I do by Women, as I do by Watches,
Let 'em go right, I never mind the Springs.
Well, if thou doſt make me attaque thy Wife,
'Gad, if ſhe yields, I tell thee plainly I'le Cuckold thee.
Now do not ſay, but I have given thee warning.
Lo. I know by my own Soul thou ſcornſt to do it.
No Gallant Man will act a Raſcals part.
But if you wou'd, 'Gad Sir, ſhe will not let you.
Your murdring Charms cannot batter her ſo low;
No Sir, you are not ſuch a Mortarpiece.
Pol. You vanquiſh'd her.
Lo. You are miſtaken, Sir.
He that debauches a fine Woman conquers her;
But if a Beauty makes me Marry her,
'Egad, ſhe conquers me.
Pol. There's truth in that.
Lo. Sir, you will find a Dragon in her Pride,
Will guard her Golden Fruit, I'le warrant her.
Sir, ſhe has all the Pride of a Fallen Angel,
And all the Piety of a Loyal one.
Pol. Come, come; ſhe is a Daughter of old *Adam*;
And he had ſtrange ill luck with his Poſterity.
Lo. What? I believe, you hold the ſpreading Hereſie,
That Nature is the ſame in all Mankind,
And Lewd in all? A horrid beaſtly Slander,
Enough to raiſe the Noble *Roman* Ghoſts,
And make *Lucretia* ſtab her ſelf again.
I have found *Engliſh* Beauties Heroines.
I vanquiſh'd once the Soul of a young Beauty;
Oh! with what joy ſhe wou'd have Married me;
But when ſhe found I had ill aims, and offer'd
To touch her t'other half, her Beautious Body,
Indecently, I thought ſhe wou'd have kill'd me:
Vertue and Furiy flung her in a Swoun.
I might have ſaid with *Guyomar*, one half lay
Dead on the Ground, the other ran away.
Pol. Come *Lovely*; put thy Wife and me together.
Lo. Who's there. (*Enter a Servant.*
Go call your Lady.

Pol.

Pol. Now if she be as Vertuous as you say,
What a strange Monster shall I seem to her,
For tempting my Friends Wife?
Lo. She'l think you are
A Monster, and no Man, if you don't tempt her.
Women who hate the Sin, love the Temptation.
Pol. I will convince thee I have some kindness for thee.
Th'art in this matter, such a Monstrous Fop,
Were I not tender of thee, I wou'd shew thee;
And to improve thee, I'de set Horns upon thee,
As some Knaves do, upon a Monstrous Calf.
Lo. Come prethee do thy worst; only be true
To one desire o' mine, tell me the event.

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Sweetheart! I am engaged to Sup at Court;
And I believe I shan't come home at night,
It may be not this week.
Mrs. *Lovely.* How! not this week.
Lo. No, the good Company where I shall Sup,
Will go into the Country for a week.
I fancy I shall go along with 'em.
This is to give you opportunity. (*Aside to* Pol.
You know the Company, and how to send
A Letter to me. (*To Mrs.* Lo.
Mrs. *Lo.* This is sudden warning.
Lo. You will excuse me *Polidor* for leaving you?
Pray in my absence often see my Wife;
I know she'l thank you for it, so will I.
Your Servant *Polidor*; farewell Sweetheart. (*Exit.*
Mrs. *Lo.* Is the Man mad to run away from me,
And leave me with the Temptingst Man on Earth,
After he has declared a Passion for me?
I'le shew more Wisdom than my Husband does. (*Aside.*
Who's there?
Pol. I will not tamper with this Lady;
For though she's Beautiful, she's a Coquet,
And does not that price upon her Beauty,
That should tempt me to stake *Camilla* for her.
I will deceive my foolish Friend with Flams. (*Aside.*

Enter Cecilia.

Mrs. *Lo.* Oh! Sister, are you there? a word with you, (*Aside to* Ce.
Stay with me whilst this Gentleman is here.

Pol.

Pol. Ha! she's on her guard!——I like her now.
Sh'as Wisdom, Vertue—— she grows very Charming.
Now I could wish to have her all alone. (*Aside.*
Madam, my Friend is very happy in you.

Mrs. *Lo.* Your Servant, Sir; I'm happier in him.
He well deserv'd, and might have had my betters;
But my kind Destiny lead him to me.

Pol. She is a faithful Wife, an excellent Woman!
I envy him.— Nay now she must be mine.
I wou'd to Heaven her Sister would be gone. (*Aside.*

Enter Lionel, *who beckons* Ce. *aside.*

Lio. Oh! Madam! Madam! I've a *Billet-doux* for you.
(Lio. *gives a Billet to* Ce. *who opens and looks in it.*

Ce. Oh! 'tis from my dear Knight! my *Shittlecock!*
Let us go read it. (*Aside to* Lio.

Lio. Ay, with all my heart— (*Aside to* Ce. (Ex. Lio *and* Ce.

Pol. So! so! the Sister's gone! now for the Lady. (*Aside.*
Oh! Madam! from the hour I saw you first,
What have I suffered from Despairing Love?
For what can you delight in but your self?
You have Beauty enough to employ all your thoughts.
You so transcend what e're Man can deserve,
That all Men seem equally distant from you;
As Vales and Mountains seem alike to Heaven.
But as all Mortals may look up to Heaven,
And pray, though very few will reach those Joys;
So, though unworthy, I must beg your pity. (*He kneels.*

Mrs. *Lo.* How! dares he offer this before my Sister? (*Looks about.*
Oh, no, she's gone— Come hither *Lionel.*

Enter Lionel.

Stay with me till this Gentleman is gone. (*Aside to* Lio.

Pol. You come? Nay then I must break off my Prayers,
But my Devotion encreases on me.
For my fair Saint appears more bright than ever,
Methinks she has a Glory round her Head;
Her Vertue scatters Rays about her Face.
I wou'd to Heaven, I had my Beautious Saint
Where many Saints are worship'd, near a Bed.
I wou'd I cou'd seduce her to her Bed-Chamber. (*Aside.*
Madam, your House is very finely Furnish'd.

Mrs. *Lo.* Not always, Sir; sometimes it has Ill Company,
And that's bad Furniture.

Pol.

Pol. Ha! there she's keen;
But yet that shall not make me quit my ground. (*Aside.*
Madam, you have some fine dead Companions,
Pictures I mean; I saw one in your Bed-Chamber,
If you please, Madam, we will go look upon it.

Mrs. *Lovely.* That's no good Picture, Sir; I only value it
For its good meaning; it designs to shew me
My Husband's Face, but does not do it well.
However, I am fond of any thing,
That has the least resemblance of my Husband.

Pol. That ever any Fool shou'd be so happy.

Lio. I do believe, this Gentleman designs
To make a far worse Picture of my Master. (*Aside.*

Mrs. *Lo.* Pictures of Beauties, Sir, will please you more,
And there are some, that are thought pretty good,
On the Stair-head.

Pol. A pox o' your Stair-head. (*Aside.*
You spoil those Pictures, Madam.

Mrs. *Lo.* Pray how so?

Pol. By your outshining all their Beauties, Madam;
They faint away before you, and appear
Shadows of Shadows.

Mrs. *Lo.* Oh! that may be spared.

Pol. A most rare Woman! I'm stark mad for her. (*Aside.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Here is a Letter for you, Mrs. *Lionel.* (*Aside to Lio.*

Lio. 'Tis from my Love; I must run out, and read it. (*Aside.*
I hope in Heaven my Lady will not miss me. (*Ex.*

Pol. So, that superfluous piece o' Stuff is gone
Out o' my way; I'l to my Prayers again. (*Aside.*
Oh! Madam! Madam!!—— (*Kneels.*

Mrs. *Lo.* How? again at this? (*Looks about.*
My Maid is gone! —— that's fine!——

Pol. Pray hear me, Madam——

Mrs. *Lo.* Sir, I have heard you, and will answer you.
I did not think to give you any answer
But silent scorn, the only fit reply
To an Address so very unfit as this.
But by the folly of my Family
I'm inur'd on folly; this is then my answer.
Sir, had you kept within the bounds of Honour,
I should have thought your Love an Honour to me,
For it infers you have some Merit in me;
A Man may have an Honourable Love

For those, he cannot Honourably gain;
But now you press beyond the bounds of Honour,
It plainly infers you think me an ill Woman,
You affront me, and seek to wrong your Friend.
But, Sir, I'le give him notice what you are,
Unless you from this hour desist for ever.
And so your Servant, Sir. — Oh! Gentlewoman! (*Exit* Lionel.
How durst you leave me, when I bid you stay;
I'le very soon account with you for this
And other faults; you pick up Sparks at Church.
There you let Mr. *Thornbacke* make a fool of you.
Do you think he has honest love for you?
You are a Piece indeed to Charm a Gentleman! (*Ex.*

Lio. Perhaps I am as fine a Piece as you are. (*Aside.*

Pol. A glorious Woman! I wonder of a Women! (*Aside.*
Now shall I never rest till she is mine,
Forbidden Joys to Man appear Divine. (*Ex.*

Enter Cecilia.

Ce. My Sister takes the Confidence to Chide me,
Because I wou'd not stay with her, forsooth;
And entertain'd a Spark to day at prayers
Without her leave: I will do what I please.
I'le have my *Shittlecocke* in spite of her.

Lio. Well, and I hope to have a Gallant too,
For all she says I'm such a sorry Piece.
I think she has a mind to break my Heart;
But that will never break till my Face breaks.
A Looking-glass will then be poyson to me,
Now 'tis a Cup of Consolation.
Oh! what a very pretty Face is here! (*Looking in a Glass.*

Ce. Let me look in the Glass a little, *Lionel.*

Lio. Well, 'tis a troublesome, and chargeable thing to be handsom; one may keep a handsom Horse as cheap, as a handsom Face. What do our Faces cost us, in one Wash or another? and we make many a Journey in a day to the Glass.

Ce. Well, so does every one as well as we.

Lio. Well, I hate my proud ill-natur'd Lady. How she grudges one a little Love, and a little Commendation? I had as lieve she grudged me my Victuals, one does me as much good as t'other. Kindness comforts my Heart: I eat, drink, sleep, and look the better for't a month after.

Ce. Nay my Cheeks do so redden, if any one praise me.

Lio. Oh! Madam! you are handsomer than your Sister, A thousand times.

Ce.

Ce. Oh! fie, *Lionel!* ——

Lio. I ſwear you are, Madam.

Ce. I ſwear thou art a very good Creature, and very handſom too.

Lio. Oh! ſweet Madam; I am ſure you are a very good humour'd Lady; I love you i' my Heart.

Ce. And I love thee; thou ſhalt be my Servant, when I'm my Lady *Shittlecock*.

Lio. Thank you, good Madam: To tell you truth, I hope to be ſomething my ſelf; you can't imagine how fond Squire *Thornebacke* is o' me.

Ce. Have a care *Lionel*; Men are falſe.

Lio. Let Men have a care of us, we are as falſe as they. Men have ſuch high conceits of their Sex; and ſay theirs is the ſtronger Sex, and the wiſer Sex, and the wittier Sex, and ſuch a Sex—— And they may be a notable Sex among themſelves; but among us (if we have any wit) we may make 'em (as we very often do) a ſimple Sex, and a weak Sex: We can out-do 'em in their own ways; out-lye 'em, out-flatter 'em, out-diſſemble 'em—— out—— out—— out—— every thing 'em. ——

Ce. How madly thou talk'ſt?

Lio. My Squire, I believe, comes to me like a Shop-liſt to a Shop, pretending only to ſee my Goods, and take a ſup in a kiſs; but his deſign is to ſteal the whole Piece, and pay nothing for it. If he has me, he ſhall pay me my price, that is Marriage, I ſhall draw him into't. Men are catch'd as they ſay Horſes are; run 'em into a Corner, and there ſtroke 'em, and give 'em Provender, and one may Bridle 'em.

Ce. Have you a care you ben't catch'd *Lionel*. I've ſeen you very wanton with him.

Lio. In troth, Madam; I am ſtung with a wanton Tarantula, and ſhall never be cur'd till I hear my Wedding Fiddle; and have danc'd a Jig with a Husband i' Bed. A Husband, good Lord, ſay I.

Ce. I find thou doſt but flatter thy Squire. I'm ſerious with my Knight. Oh! if my *Shittlecocke* ſhould leave me I ſhould cry my Eyes out. —— Oh! here he comes ——

Lio. And my Squire—— (*Ce. runs to the Glaſs.*
Dear Madam, let me have a little corner o' the Glaſs.
Thank you good Madam.

Enter Thornebacke *and Sir* John Shittlecock.

Sir *John.* And are the Women really in love with thee?
Becauſe (excuſe me) thou art ſomething elderly.

Th. So much the better, Man; Women are come
To a good paſs of underſtanding now;

They have a taſte of Sence, and deſpiſe Youth.
And then a Woman that regards her Honour,
Will never truſt it with young prating Fellows.

Sir *Job.* Methinks old Fellows prate; methinks you are
As limber in your Tongue, as in your Hams.
You brag of Mrs. *Lovely*'s favours to you.

Th. Yes, I own common favours; that's no matter;
But if ſhe ever grants me the laſt favour,
(And that ſhe will, but make no words of it)
If ever I make any noiſe about it,
(Except her Bed or Chamber keep a rumbling)
I'le give her leave to caſt me off for ever.
As to the wanton part of an Intrigue,
I think young Fellows have th' advantage of us;
And yet in that I'le vie with any of you.
I'm like *Ben Johnſon*'s *Urſly*, the Pig-Woman,
'Gad, I roaſt Pigs as well as e're I did.
There's a ſweet Pig, I'le make her crackle quickly.

(*The Women turn from the Glaſs, and run to their Lovers.*

Lio. Oh! my dear Squire!

Th. Look you here *Shittlecocke*.

Sir *Job.* 'Gad, he has told me truth, ſhe dotes upon him.

Ce. Oh! Sir *John*, this is kindly done of you.

Sir *Job.* Sir *John*, me no Sir *Johns*.

Ce. What? are you angry?

Sir *Job.* Yes that I am, do you ſee *Lionel*?
'Gad, if I had her out o' doors I'de kick her.

Ce. Heigh! heigh! why ſo? are you in love with her?

Sir *Job.* I in love with her? no I ſcorn and hate her,
Ay, and almoſt all Women for her ſake.

Ce. What? you'r afraid ſhe will diſgrace our Houſe.
Oh! fear her not, ſhe is a cunning gipſy,
She only means to draw him in to Marry her.

Sir *Job.* Well, but I hate her for enduring him.

Ce. I like this niceneſs in you well enough,
I hate a Man that can love any Woman.

Lio. Well, you are a naughty Squire, for making a poor Maid in love with you. Can I hope for ſuch a fine Squire as you?

Th. Such a fine Squire? you little jeering Huſſy.

Lio. You know I don't jeer, you naughty handſom Squire, you.

Th. You little flattering Huſſy.

Sir *Job.* Look, look, do'e ſee? I cannot forbear, I'le beat her.

Ce. Why ſo? let her alone; ſhe does but fool him.

Sir *Job.* Well, let her fool with handſom Fellows then.
A ſluttiſh Wench to play with a Dirt Pie.
I hope in Heaven you'l never let her Dreſs you,

Now

Now she has foul'd her fingers with that Fellow.
Ce. I like this Humour in you mightily.
Th. This fond young Girl will fool me into Marriage:
No wonder Men are Fools, they spring from fooling:
A Man fools a Woman, and a Woman fools a
Man, and they fool with one another, till they
Get a Fool.
Lio. Oh! dear, my Lady! my Lady! farewell Squire. (*Ex.* Lio.
Ce. My Sister; Oh! be gone, be gone, Sir *John*. (*Ex.* Ce.
Sir *Joh.* I won't go, nor I won't stay; I am mad.
Th. Look, look, the Rogue is poyson'd with his Envy.
Be gone; leave Mrs. *Lovely* and me together,
Then dye like a sick Rat behind the Hangings.
Sir *Joh.* I'le stay, and watch; shou'd she be kind to him,
I shou'd run mad with envy, and hang my self.

Sir John *hides. And Enter Mrs.* Lovely.

Mrs. *Lo.* Oh! Mr. *Thornbacke*, I am glad to see you.
Th. Your humble Servant, Madam.
Sir *Joh.* She is fond of him.
I'le ne're endure a Woman while I live. (*Aside.*
Th. Well Madam, I'm a very happy Man,
To be in favour with the finest Woman
In the whole World; for, Madam, so you are.
I wou'd not change Conditions with a Cherubim.
Cherubims are, methinks, unhappy Creatures,
They have good Faces to no purpose, Madam,
Because there are no Female Cherubims.
I never heard of any Madam Cherubim,
Or *Mistress* Cherubim, or *Sirly* Cherubim.
And, *Madam*, now we talk of Cherubims,
I'le give your Ladiship the maydenhead
Of a new Song of mine, a pretty Song.
Mrs. Lo. It must be so, if it be like the Father.
Th. Oh! *Madam*! you are charmingly obliging.
Sir *Joh.* Oh Gemini! what a rare Complement
Has she bestowed upon that ugly Fellow———
'Egad, I shall hang my self.——— (*Aside.*
Th. It is a *Song*, I made upon my self and a young Beauty,
Which gave me the first cut of her sweet self. (*He Sings.*

OH fie! What mean I, foolish Maid,
In this remote, and silent Shade,
To meet with you alone?

My

My Heart does with the place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine:
Oh! I shall be undone.

A Savage Beast I won'd not fear,
Or shou'd I meet with Villains here,
I to some Cave won'd run.

But such inchanting Arts you shew,
I cannot strive, I cannot go:
Oh! I shall be undone.

Ah! give your sweet Temptations o're,
I'll touch those dangerous Lips no more:
What, must we yet Fool on?

Ah! now I yield! Ah! now I fall!
And now I have no Breath at all;
And now I'm quite undone.

I'll see no more your tempting Face,
Nor meet you in this dangerous place,
My Fame's for ever gone.

But Fame, to speak the truth, is vain,
And every yielding Maid does gain,
By being so undone.

In such a pleasing Storm o' Bliss,
To such a Bank o' Paradise,
Who won'd not swiftly run?

If you but truth to me will swear,
I'll meet you again; nor do I care,
How oft I be undone.

Mrs. Lo. Y'are very entertaining, Mr. *Thorneback.*

Th. Madam, I love to shew all my best Parts; And if you like 'em, you are welcome to 'em.

Sir Joh. That ever such an Owl should Sing so well. Gad, he Sings very prettily—— Pox—— *(Aside.*

Mrs Lo. I'll make this Pug play all his simple Tricks. *(Aside.* And Mr. *Thorneback*, you Dance very finely. Go bid my Servants Play to Mr. *Thorneback.*

Th. With

Th. With all my heart——I am your Vassal, Madam.
(Thornback *Dances.*
Sir Job. Gad, the Rogue Dances very finely——Faith.
Gad, full as well as I; Oh lucky Rogue!—————— (*Aside.*
Mrs. Lo. You are an excellent Dancer, *Mr. Thorneback.*
Th. Your Servant, Madam; I am very happy
If I please you. Well, Madam, I'm inform'd
Your Husband means to leave the Town a while.
Mrs. Lo. Yes, *Mr. Thornback*, won't you be so charitable
To visit me sometimes?
Sir Job She Courts him! Courts him!
I shall knock out my Brains against the Wall. (*Aside.*
Th. Here's a plain Invitation to her Body:
I hope in Heaven *Shittlecock* hears all.
Now to my Instrument of Impudence,
My Betty, which has broke up many a Woman. (*Aside.*
And will my Visits be a Charity?
Then, Madam, I'm, it seems, a Treasure to you.
You shall have all the Wealth I have about me.
And now no Waiter oversees our Vessels,
'Tis a convenient time to smuggle Goods.
I'll Smuggle you, i'faith—————— (*Offers to Kiss her.*
Mrs. Lo. How now! Stand off,
You sawcy disagreeable old Coxcomb.
Sir Job. Oh! Lord! Oh! Lord! here's a rare turn——I swear.
Th. You sawcy disagreeable old Coxcomb!
Mrs. Lo. Yes, sawcy, silly, ugly to perfection,
And old besides; so old, that I believe,
Thou wert in *Paradise* one o' the Beasts
That came to *Adam* for a Name, and puzled him;
He could not find a Word to comprehend
All thy Deformities; but thou wert not
The Serpent. I am sure thou art no Tempter.
Sir Job. Oh! I shall leap out o' my Skin for joy. (*Aside.*
Th. No——You have got the Devil in your Tongue.
Had *Adam* given as ill Names as you do,
He had deserv'd to be kick'd out o' *Paradise*
For his ill Tongue, though he ne're touch'd the Fruit.
Mrs. Lo. Nay, I have done you Wrong, I must confess.
I took you for a Wit, and droll'd with you,
And you, it seems, are a notorious Fool;
So I have drawn you in to play the Fool.
The Fault is half my own: I beg your Pardon.
Th. And, Madam, I confess I've done you Wrong.
I took you for a Fool, and so you are;
But not in that degree I thought you were:

So

So I have drawn you into *Billingſgate*.
The Fault is half my own; I beg your Pardon.
Mrs. Lo. Thou need'ſt not ſay thraſt Faults, that my Eyes ſee,
For every bit about thee is a Fault.
Be gone, and very quickly, or I'll make
One of my Footmen lay a Crab-Tree Cudgel
About thy Bones, and engraft Crab on Crab.
Be gone, thy ſowr Face ſets my Teeth on edge.
Th. I have more Sweetneſs in my Face than thou haſt.
Why, what! I think the Woman has been Drinking,
Chriſtning her Clapper to drive Devils away.
Bells have Names given 'em, when they are Baptiz'd.
Farewell, thou *Meg* of *Weſtminſter* the Second———

Enter Sir John Shittlecock.

Sir Joh. Oh, Mr. *Thornback*! Your moſt humble Servant.
You are ſo very Lucky with the Ladies.
Th. Hark, *Shittlecock*; don't you be bold with me,
For fear I ſhould fall heavy on your Coxcomb. (*Ex.*
Mrs. Lo. Why how now? here's another fooliſh Fellow.
Sir Joh. Well, now I find 'tis ſomething to be handſome.
I wou'd make ſwinging Love now, if I durſt.———
I'll venture. (*Aſide.*) Madam, I'm your humble Servant.
Mrs. Lo. Pardon me, Sir, I'm a Stranger to you.
Sir Joh. Madam, your Servant; I am one *Shittlecock*.
Mrs. Lo. Oh! Sir *John Shittlecock*!
Sir Joh. No, Sir *Thomas*, Madam.
No, no, Sir *John*, my Father was Sir *Thomas*.
Gad, I forgot my Name, my Love confounds me. (*Aſide.*
Mrs. Lo. Oh, Sir! I think you are my Siſter's Servant.
Sir Joh. Yes, Madam——No, Madam; I wou'd ſpeak, and dare not.
'Egad I will——(*Aſide.*) Madam——'Egad I dare not. (*Aſide.*
Madam——I dare not. (*Aſide.*) I'm your humble Servant. (*Ex.*
Mrs. Lo. What wou'd this Coxcomb ſay, if he cou'd ſpeak?
I fancy he'd make Love, if he knew how.

Enter Camilla.

Oh! *Madam! Madam!* you are come in ſeaſon.
I was juſt ſending to intreat this favour.
Oh! Madam, you muſt be my Guardian Angel,
I'm tempted to abuſe my Huſband's Bed,
By ſuch a Man; that you will ſtand amaz'd
When I ſhall Name him.
Cam. What? is he a Parſon?

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. A Parſon, Madam! Will they do ſuch things?
Cam. Oh! I have known within the Church's Pale,
Very wild Bucks.
Mrs. Lo. No, this is a Town Spark.
Cam. 'Tis no great Wonder a Town Spark is Lewd,
He's in his Calling.
Mrs. Lo. Ay, but this Gallant
Owns no ſuch Calling; at the leaſt in publick.
He don't keep open Shop, as ſome Sparks do.
'Tis true, he Dreſſes, and he Viſits Ladies,
And oft writes Songs on Celebrated Beauties.
Cam. Thoſe are the Tools and Badges of his Trade.
Mrs. Lo. Ay, but he's thought ſo much another Man,
That, it is ſaid, you lodge your Heart in him;
Which, I believe, you'd as much ſcorn to do,
Were he an open Sinner, as you Wou'd
To lodge your Perſon in a Publick Houſe.
I'll name the Man, 'tis Mr. *Polider.*
Cam. Oh Monſtrous!
Mrs. Lo. Nay, I knew it wou'd amaze you.
Cam. I thought the loſt Perfection of Mankind,
Was in that Man reſtor'd; and I have griev'd
Loſt *Eden* too was not reviv'd for him,
And a new *Eve*, more ex'lent than the firſt,
Created for him; that he might have all
The Joys he cou'd deſerve; and he fool'd me,
To think that *Eve* and *Eden* was in me,
That he was made for me, and I for him.
Oh Heavens! What Bliſs I promis'd to my ſelf:
And how have I ador'd this glittering Serpent?
I never ſhall endure my ſelf again,
Till I've corrected and reform'd my ſelf.
They tell me, Popiſh Prieſts will not uſe Churches
Where Hereſie has been, till they have whip'd 'em.
'Twere a good deed to laſh my Carnal Temple.
Mrs. Lo. Oh, Madam! That I think will not be juſt:
Why ſhou'd you ſuffer for the Crimes of others?
Cam. No doubt, 'twill be more juſt to puniſh him,
And I cou'd do it with a better Will
Than e're I Pray'd, for all I'm given to Praying.
Baſe Fellow! to fool me out o' my Heart,
And affront me, for now I underſtand him;
His Flattery was, it ſeems, a Satyr on me;
And in a civil manner call'd me Wench;
No doubt, he meant me for that Noble Office.

Mrs. Lo. Ay, past dispute; therefore I told you this,
That you might guard your Heart and Honour from him.
Cam. Madam, I thank you: Oh! how I abhor him.
I'd love the Man wou'd call him to account.
Wou'd Decency permit, I'd do't my self.
Mrs. Lo. How, Madam!
Cam. I dare do it —— I'm no Coward.
Mrs. Lo. But you are a Saint.
Cam. Do not tell me of Sainthip:
Madam, I am no Saint; but if I were,
I don't know, why a Saint shou'd take Abuses.
Mrs. Lo. I did not think you'd ha' been thus concern'd;
I though your pious Heart had been in Heaven.
Cam. Oh! Pshaw, Our Hearts are seldom such high Flyers;
'Tis well if they can fly above Commodes.
I ne're cou'd get my Heart above this Town.
Now wou'd I were in my cold quiet Grave.
Mrs. Lo. Why truly that is not quite out of *London*:
For I believe you'd have a *London* Grave,
And there y'are in old *London* under Ground;
In a dark silent Suburb o' the City.
Cam. Away with these vile Tears! Where did they fall?
If on my Cloaths, I'll never wear 'em more.
They'r stain'd with Water from an odious Spring,
From shameful Love for a false wicked Wretch;
But I'll dry up the hateful Spring for ever.
Well, what Reception did you give this Man?
Mrs. Lo. I call'd in Company to guard me from him;
But I perceive I can't command my Sister,
She'll follow her own Will; and 'tis not fit
To make my Woman my Companion.
Therefore, my Dear, pray stay with me a while,
Because my Husband's going out o' Town,
Though I have given him notice of his Danger.
I sent him such a Letter where he Supt,
That I imagin'd, at the opening of it,
Storms wou'd have seiz'd on him, and brought him back
As if he had been hurry'd by a Whirlwind.
He only smil'd at it, and sent me word,
I knew not *Polidor*; for ought I see,
He means to go, and leave me with this Man;
Therefore, my Dear, pray do you stay with me.
Cam. With all my Heart; I only will go Home
And order some Affairs, and then return.
Oh, this Majestick Knave! this charming Ghost!
But me, perhaps, will all his Arts defeat. (Ex.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. My Saint's a very Fury; I perceive
In Flesh or Spirit we are Sinners all.
But Spiritual Sins I think most dangerous.
Sins of the Spirit will to Age endure;
But a Flesh-Wound, time seldom fails to cure. (Ex.

ACT III.

SCENE *Continues.*

Enter Sir John Shittlecock *and a Servant.*

Ser. WHO wou'd you speak with, Sir?

Sir Joh. I don't know——
I have a Deviliſh mind to Court Madam *Lovely*, and dare not—Pox on me for a Half-hearted Fop——What ſhou'd I fear? I will venture——(*Aſide.*) Sir, I wou'd ſpeak with your Lady, Madam *Lovely*——Hold, hold, Sir——
I dare not venture——*Aſide*——Call Madam *Siſtly*——'Egad Ill venture——*Aſide.*
Hold, call Madam *Lovely*——'Egad I dare——(*Aſide.* Hold, call Madam *Siſtly.*

Ser. The Man is mad; let him call 'em himſelf—— (Ex.

Sir Joh. Oh! Here comes Madam *Siſtly*——

Enter Cecilia.

Pretty Rogue: Gad, I think ſhe's handſomer than Siſter——No—Pox—Yes, Pox—No, Pox—Yes, Gad ſhe is——(*Aſide.* My Dear!

Ce. Stand off, you baſe, unworthy, falſe, deboiſt Man—you—you have been making Love to my Siſter *Lovely*——a married Woman.

Sir John. Oh Pox! Has ſhe heard o' that? (*Aſide.*

C. I'm ſerv'd right, for Entertaining and Loving a Man, before I knew him! I hate my ſelf for it. (*She Weeps.*

Sir Joh. I ſwear ſhe cries: I'd give a hundred Pound ſome body ſaw it, for the Honour of it (*Aſide.*

Ce. Wou'd I had never ſeen your Face, you ſcurvy Man.

Sir Joh. She takes on more and more. If ſhe ſhou'd hang her ſelf for me; there wou'd be an Honour to me! Gad, wou'd ſhe

wou'd. Oh, no, Pox! that wou'd be pity——Pox——(*Aside.*) Come, don't ſpoil thy pretty Eyes, my Dear.

Ce. Get you gone, and don't tro——o——ouble me. (*Sobs.*

Sir Job. She Sobs, I Swear, that ſhe can hardly ſpeak——Pretty Heart! Now cannot I forbear Weeping with her. (*Aſide.*) My Dear.

Ce. Stand off.

Sir Job. Pray hear me.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. Pray do: You muſt know, I am one, the World is pleas'd to call a *Beau*; and you know a little Courtſhip is expected by every Lady from a *Beau*. So I beſtowed a little, to ſhew my good Breeding, that was all. But if you will forgive, I'll never ſhew any good Breeding again, as long as I live.

Ce. What care I what you do.

Sir Job. Nay, if I can't be forgiven, I had as good make Love in earneſt.

Ce. Well, I will forgive you for once; but if ever you do ſo again——

Sir Job. I Swear I won't——and ſo let me kiſs your pretty Hand, to ſhew we are reconciled.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. But once.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. Pray do.

Ce. I won't.

Sir Job. Nay, if you will be ſo Cruel, Fare you well.

Ce. Well, I will——but 'tis more than you deſerve.

Sir Job. Then we are Reconcil'd?

Ce. May be we are, may be we are not——I won't tell you——So Fare you well—— (*Ex.*

Sir Job. Yes, yes, we are pretty, Rogue. 'Tis a fine thing to have a pretty Lady cry for one. Gad, I'd be contented to be Dead, upon condition all the pretty Ladies in the Town cry'd for me. Ah! What a Pleaſure that wou'd be?

Oh Dear! Here comes the fine Waiting-woman.

Enter Lionell.

Now for my Heart cannot I be true to Mrs. *Siſtly*.

Oh, No! Here I ſhall be in my Element, I'm a Pe-gooſe with a Lady; but I'm the Devil with a Chamber-Maid. Here I can kiſs without a Maſter of the Spiritual Ceremonies. Pretty Mrs. *Jenny*! How does your under Petticoat?

Lio. Oh! Pray forbear, Sir: You and I are not ſo intimate: You know neither my Name, nor my Nature. My Name is not *Jenny*, nor is my Nature wanton. *Sir*

Sir Job. Heigh, heigh! my Name nor my Nature!— thou art a very pretty Scholar. Can'ſt thou ſpeak any Latin?

Lio. No, Sir, What ſhou'd I do with Latin? I have Engliſh enough to give a Gentleman an Anſwer.

Sir *Job.* Very witty, and very pretty, faith. I know thy Name, not that which thy Godmothers gave thee, when thou wer't ſprinkled at the Font. No, thy Father and Mother ſprinkled thy Face and Beauty; Thy Chriſten Name is *Prettineſs*, and thy Sir-name, *Come kiſs me.*

Lio. No— good Sir— I'm none o' the Family o' the Kiſs me's. Pray, Sir, keep off.

Sir *Job.* No, no, I will have a Kiſs, i' faith, I will i' faith, I will i' faith.

Lio. No, no, i' faith, i' faith, you ſhall not Sir.

Sir *Job.* Heigh! heigh! ſhe's as ſtiff as her own Broom; ſtiffer for that has a ſtake i' the Back, but a Flag i' the Tail. What ailſt 'tou? Doſt not like me?

Lio. Like you, Sir! Who does not like the fine Sir *John Shittlecocke?*

Sir *Job.* Oh! you little Rogue! do ye jeer?

Lio. Jeer, Sir; no, Sir, you know I don't.

Sir *Job.* Why, wou'dſt thou have me, if I I'de have thee?

Lio. Have you, Sir? ah! wou'd I were a Queen for your ſake.

Sir *Job.* 'Gad, ſhe'l make me ſtark mad in love with her. I'le Marry thee, faith I will—i' faith I will.

Lio. Well Sir, don't mock; I have ſeen as wiſe Men as you ſnap'd——— *(Aſide.*

Sir *Job.* But prethee, dear Rogue, let me have a touch of thy fine Lips.

Lio. I'le give him one for a bait——— *(Aſide.*
Oh! Sir! would I were worthy of the Honour.

Sir *Job.* Oh! the honour will be mine.

Lio. Well, Sir, in a civil way *(He ſalutes her.*

Sir *Job.* I ſwear ſh'as all *Arabia* in her Mouth.

Lio. And you have all the *Eaſt-Indies*, Sir, in yours.

Enter Thornebacke.

Th. So, *Shittlecocke?* undermine me every where,
Both with the Lady, and the Servant too?
I think the Women are all in a plot,
To put me totally out o' conceit
With my own perſon——'Gad, I hate my ſelf.
I've had a good opinion o' my ſelf
Theſe 30 years, and loſt it in a minute.

Sir *Job.* Oh Sir, the Ladies are all dying for you.

I only take poſſeſſion, Sir, for you.
Well pretty Rogue! I'le ſee you another time—— (*Ex.*
Th. So, ſo! what? you and he are very great?
Much good may do you; I'le not trouble you.
Lio. Nay Squire! pray Squire!
Th. What wou'd you have with me?
A Horſe don't love to graſe after a Gooſe,
And will I touch you after ſuch a Fellow?
Do'e think I have more Stomach than a Horſe?
Lio. What wou'd you have me do, Squire? he's a Gentleman,
And he did humbly beg a Kiſs o' me——
Th. Then it ſeems, Madam, If I Married you,
And a Spark humbly beg'd me for a Cuckold,
You'd very humbly grant the favour to him.
Madam, I am not for ſuch humble Women.
Lio. A Cockold? Squire! do'e think I am ſo baſe?
Th. I cannot think worſe of Women than I find 'em.
Lio. Ay, this it is to be a handſom Man:
Too many Women grant you any thing,
And then you think all Women are as bad.
I love you as my life; but if I lov'd you
More than I do (but that's impoſſible)
Though 'twere to ſave my life, I'de grant you nothing,
But what you might have in a civil way.
Th. A handſom Man? prethee don't flatter me;
I have juſt got ſome wiſdom from your Lady,
Sh'as clear'd my Head of all fantaſtique thoughts,
I thank her for't; ſhe call'd me to my Face,
A ſawcy diſagreeable old Coxcomb;
Now ſhe has made me wiſe, you wou'd ſpoil all,
And cookes me into a Coxcomb once again.
I'le ſee you whip'd firſt; I will be an Aſs
No longer to your Sex.
Lio. And did ſhe give you
Such odious Names? come, ſhe is a proud Woman,
And does not ſpeak her mind; ſhe'd give the World
She were but half ſo handſom for a Woman,
As you are for a Man.
Th. Prethee away.
Lio. I ſpeak my thoughts, and that you know too well.
Well, my dear, Squire I cannot ſtay with you now,
Come to me when my Lady's gone to Bed,
About Eleven o' Clock, and then we'l junket.
Th. 'Gad, I ſhall be a Woman's Fool again.
Well, if you have a mind I ſhould come to you,
Go to a Bagnio, and ſweat out the Kiſs
This Fool has given you. *Lio.*

Lio. I will, I will.
Away, away, I ſee Squire *Polidor*,
Creeping in yonder Room, and I'de feign watch him. (*Aſide.*
Th. Well, then farewell—my Girl— (*Ex.*
Lio. Farewell ſweet Squire——
Well this Squire *Polidor*'s an errant Thief,
And comes to rob my Maſter of his Honour.
That was his buſineſs lately with my Lady.
'Twas ſo! 'twas ſo! he was endeavouring
To commit Burglary upon her Body
Ay, ay, 'twas ſo, that made my Lady call.
Now is he ſtealing to her the back way. (*She looks within the Scenes.*
And now I ſwear he's got into her Chamber.
What will become o' this? I'le peep and liſten. (*Ex.*

SCENE, *Another Room.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely, Polidor *ſtealing after her.*

Pol. So! She's alone! now will I board my Prize. (*Aſide.*
Dear Madam! (*Steps into her ſight.*
Mrs. Lo. Bleſs me Heaven! who's there? who's there?
Pol. Call not, Dear Madam; fear no harm from me.
No one can come who loves you more than I do;
And I fear nothing but the loſs of you,
Therefore you call in vain; I will not ſtir.
You'l only bring diſhonour on your ſelf.
Then ſpare your ſelf.
Mrs. Lo. What dſt thou mean to force me?
Pol. By the ſweet force of Love, no otherwiſe.
Mrs. Lo. 'Tis likely, I ſhou'd be allur'd to love
One, in the frightful Figure, which you make;
For you come like a Raviſher, and Robber.
And treacherouſly ſeek to rob your ſworn,
Obliging Friend; that of all Men on Earth
I'le ne're truſt you.
Pol. Oh! Madam! do you think
I'm ſerious, when I give the name of Friend
To ſuch a fooliſh Creature, as your Husband?
He loves one certain Beauty above the World,
I mean his handſom ſelf——
That you have no great cauſe to ſpeak for him.
Mrs. Lo. Suppoſe all this; I will be juſt to him
For my own ſake.
Pol. He thinks you can't be juſt,
That you can never do his merit right.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. I care not what he thinks; if he wants ſence
And Honour, muſt I therefore do the ſame.

Pol. Madam, upon my knees I beg your pity.

Mrs. Lo. You'r a preſumptious Beggar, you ask Jewels,
My Conſcience, Honour; Sir, I am beſtowed,
You come too late.

Pol. You have beſtowed, indeed,
Too much of your fair ſelf before I ſaw you,
So much, the thought on't almoſt makes me mad;
And on a very undeſerving Creature.
But I am ſure he has not all of you,
You cannot love a Man ſo much beneath you
In underſtanding, as your Husband is.
Therefore I hope I'm not too late for Love.

Mrs. Lo. You are, to hope for any fruits of Love,
At leaſt for any fruits, with Innocence.

Pol. May I not glean upon another Ground
What he rejects? Madam, I may, and will.

Mrs. Lo. I tremble! I'm afraid he'l conquer me. (*Aſide.*
I beg you leave me.

Pol. Oh! are you deſcending
From your great heights? I'le catch you as you fall.
(*He Embraces her.*

Mrs. Lo. Fye on you! you pretend to ſome Religion;
You go to Church.

Pol. Yes, with a Zealous Heart;
But I am overcome, by ſuch temptation
No Mortal can reſiſt; which is not more
Or leſs than *Man*: Where's the young vigorous Saint,
Who would not, to aſcend theſe *Mounts* of Lillies,
Leave for a while Religion at the bottom?

Mrs. Lo. You make me hate you; you ſhall find, I'me one
Who will not be allur'd, to do the leaſt
Diſhonour to Religion?

Pol. No, nor I.
Our happy *Love*, may have a ſecret Church
Under the Church; as *Faith's* was under *Paul's*,
Where we may carry on our ſweet Devotion,
And the Cathedral Marriage keep it's State,
And all its Decency, and Ceremonies.

Mrs. Lo. And will our Conſciences be decent too?
Oh! Marriage Bonds are not like other Bonds,
Seal'd but with Wax.

Pol. Or elſe you wou'd be Wax,
Soft melting Wax, and yield to my Impreſſion.
Is it not ſo? Oh! come thou ſweeteſt Creature,

That

That ever grac'd the Earth, or bleſt a Lover,
Make me more bleſt, than e're was Man in love;
For never Mortal lov'd as I do now.
See yonder gentle yielding Bed invites;
The Curtains wave to us, the Air ſeems ſenſible
Of haſtning Bliſs, and dances round the Room.

Mrs. *Lo.* You give me very great offence—— be gone.

Pol. I cannot go, I can as eaſily tear
A Star from Heaven, as my ſelf from you.

Mrs. *Lo.* When you have gain'd your ends, you'l ſoon be gone.
Love haſtens, like a wanton Summer Bird
To Foreign Lands, when once hot Weather's over;
And heat in Love goes quickly after Harveſt.
When I've loſt my Honour, you'l believe
I've loſt my Beauty too; the Charms of Women
Vaniſh like Fairies, when approach'd too near.
Then go, or you and I ſhall part for ever.

Pol. Madam, I cannot part with you, nor will,
Till I'm the happieſt Man in the whole World.

Mrs. *Lo.* Is't poſſible? what do you think I am?

Pol. I have no time to think, no power to think.
My raviſh'd Soul is gone out o' my Head
Into my Heart, my Veins; I've loſt all thinking.

Mrs. *Lo.* Be gone, or you'l undo your ſelf and me;
Camilla will be here immediately.

Pol. Well, let her come, ſhe'l think you are at Prayers.

Mrs. *Lo.* What ſhall I do with him? I'm yielding! yielding. (*Aſide.*
I will not run the danger for the World,
And ſhe'l be here in half an hour at moſt.

Pol. A noble ſpace o' time! 'tis not enough
To raiſe my Joys ſo high, as I deſire,
But I, at leaſt, may lay a good Foundation.
That I'm reſolv'd to do.
Come, come, My Dear! I've got thy Beauteous Body
Into my Cuſtody—— *Now e're we part*
I'le ſtrein for all the Debts thou ow'ſt my Heart. (Ex.

He pulls her off the Stage, and bolts the Door; Then Enter Lionel.

Lio. Oh! dear! dear! what have I ſeen and heard?
Shall I diſturb 'em? I've a mind to do't.
I envy 'em—— I will—— no, 'twill be pity;
I would be loath to be ſerv'd ſo my ſelf.

I am poſſeſſor of a Myſtery,
And I'le make Money on't, as all Trades do.
I'le let my Lady know I underſtand her,
And make her glad, if I will be her Lady;
Which I'le not be, unleſs ſhe pays me well;
And with a good reaſon too, for to a Woman
It is a horrid pain to hold her Tongue;
And I muſt bear the torment a great while,
That I ſhall very dearly earn the Money.
Oh! dear! dear! here comes Madam *Camilla*.
What will become o' my Lady now? for ſhe won't be
Kept from her. I'le ha' no partner in my Myſtery,
For fear o' ſpoiling the profit of it; elſe I wou'd not
Care what became of my ſcurvy Lady.

Enter Camilla.

Cam. Your Servant Mrs. *Lionel*; I ha' diſpatch'd my buſineſs at home, and come to lie with your Lady.

Lio. She's diſpatching a little buſineſs too, Madam; ſhe'l be ready to wait upon you preſently.

Oh! what a baſe Office do I take upon my ſelf?
I'le ſee my Lady whip'd, before I keep her
Stinking Counſel———— (*Aſide.*
Madam you may go in, if you pleaſe!——.
——No, Madam, if you pleaſe, let it alone.

Cam. Heigh! heigh! what ails the fooliſh Creature? (*Aſide.*
Yes, Mrs. *Lionel*, I'le go in; your Lady keeps nothing from me,
Ha! the Door's ſhut! and I hear a buſſe within! Is any body with your Lady?

Lio. Yes, Madam!—— no, no, Madam.

Cam. She's ſudled, I think. (*Aſide.*

Lio. I'm not expert at theſe buſineſſes. I ſhall betray all; I'le be gone. Oh! fie, upon me! for undertaking this baſe Office. (*Aſide.*) (*Ex.*

Cam. What means this confuſion? and in the Chamber
I hear whiſpering—— liſtens—— and a Mans Voice——
I'm ſtricken to the heart, 'tis *Polidor*,
As ſure as I am here, this tempting Man
Has, in my abſence, ruin'd Mrs. *Lovely*.
'Tis ſo! 'tis ſo! for now I hear him plain.
Oh! Woman! Woman! what a thing is Woman?
I ſwear I am aſham'd I am a Woman.
I'le rowze 'em——Madam——I am come, I'm come.

A Door creakes——I will see who gets out.
'Tis *Polidor*, he has undone us both;
Ruin'd her Honour, and has broke my Heart.

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. I hope in Heaven she has not overheard us.
Cam. Oh! You vile horrid Woman!
Mrs. Lo. I'm discover'd!
I'll kill my self——*Aside.*——What do you mean by this?
Cam. Pray, What did Mr. *Polidor* with you?
Mrs. Lo. How! Mr. *Po*——*Po*—*Polidor*——
Cam. Mr. *Po*—*Po*—*Polidor.* (*She Mimicks her*) How you Stammer.
Your Sin's so very young, it can't speak plain.
Mrs. Lo. Oh! it is true, he got into my Chamber——
And so——but——but——but——I'll tell you.
Cam. But——but——but——
You wou'd fain tell a Flam if you cou'd speak;
Your blushing Brow is the only part about you,
Has any Modesty or Truth in it.
That blazing Beacon openly confesses,
The Enemy has been upon the Coast.
Mrs. Lo. What? you believe I've got the Lover from you,
And, in Revenge, design to blast my Honour.
Hark you——if you do——I'll stab you——
Cam. Stab me!
Mrs. Lo. Stab you.
Cam. Here's a *Virago*! Are you such a Woman?
Nay, then I think, I'm bound in Conscience
To give the World a publick Warning of you.
I'll Print you, Publish you in the *Gazette.*
Mrs. Lo. Will you?
Cam. I will.
Mrs. Lo. 'Tis well——you'll publish Falsehoods,
To please your Malice, Envy, and Revenge.
Is that your Sanctity? I find your Heart
Has many Motions, as some Watches have;
For you have Love, and Piety, and Malice;
And all these Motions hinder one another.
You are impotent and false in all of 'em;
So are the Hearts of all the Saints I know.
They'r the worst kind of Hearts, they ne're go right;
They'r neither true to Wickedness, or Goodness.
Vertuous they are by halves, they do not love it:
In Sin they wou'd be dabling, and they dare not;
And then their Envy wou'd bark others from it.

Cam. You are ſincerely and compleatly Wicked;
I have more Proofs on't, Madam, than you think.
For ſhame, for ſhame, perſiſt not thus in Sin:
Repent, or I will make you an Example.
Mrs. Lo. Oh! ſhe will ruine me, I muſt ſubmit. (*Aſide.*
Theſe Saints will ſuffer no Sin but their own.
Oh, Madam! I confeſs I've been ſurpriz'd
By wicked *Polidor*; he forc'd himſelf
Into my Chamber, and he wou'd not leave me
Till he had ruin'd me. Oh, ſpare me! ſpare me!
I promiſe you, I will not ſpare my ſelf;
I'll live in everlaſting Grief and Shame:
I'll never ſee wicked *Polidor* again,
Nor any thing on Earth——I'll weep my Eyes out.
Cam. Oh, Madam! now y'are growing worth my Pity;
Continue thus, I will not only ſpare you,
But love you, love you dearly as a Siſter;
And I wil do my beſt t'eſtabliſh you
Firmer than ever, in your Husband's Love,
And in Heavens Favour, if my Prayers can do't.
Mrs. Lo. Oh, Madam! you are ſome Cœleſtial Creature,
Let me adore you. (*Kneels to her.*
Cam. Nay this is too much.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Madam, my Maſters come —— (*Speaks Snappingly.*
Mrs. *Lo.* Oh! How ſhe frightens me,
Lio. A ſcurvy Woman; I can't ſpeak to her, (*Aſide.*
Nor look on her, with any Patience—— (*Ex.*
Mrs. *Lo.* I'm in ſtrange Diſorder;
I ſhall betray my ſelf.

Enter Lovely.

Return'd ſo ſoon? (*She Runs, and Embraces him.*
My deareſt Dear, you pleaſe me now indeed.
Lo. Well, and your Letter pleas'd me very well.
It was methoughts a kind of Paper Window
Into your Soul; and at the opening gave me the beſt Proſpect
I ever had. You are diſcreet and vertuous;
But be not diſpleas'd with Mr. *Polidor*;
He is a well-bred Man, and courted you
In Love to me, and Complaiſance to you,
To keep you in good Humor in my Abſence.
He knows your Sex is ſick, when y'are not Courted,

When

When not ſmil'd on, you dye like Plants in Shades.
He has beſtow'd his Heart on this fair Lady.
Madam *Camilla*, your moſt humble Servant.
I thank you for your Kindneſs to my Wife.
You come, it ſeems, to bring her a Night-jewel
To grace her Boſom with; I mean your ſelf.
I'm told, you meant to be her Bed-fellow.

Cam. Yes, Sir; but you have brought her in your ſelf, a better Jewel.

Lo. Oh! your Servant, Madam.
Upon my Conſcience ſhe's in Love with me,
And for my Sake, pays Viſits to my Wife. (*Aſide.*
Dear *Polidor*——

Enter Polidor.

Pol. Dear *Lovely*!

Cam. Oh, falſe Man!—— (*Aſide.*

Lo. You Rogue, you have been tampering with my Wife. (*Aſide to* Pol.

Pol. You have put me on a fine piece o' Buſineſs. (*Aſide to* Lo.

Lo. Poor *Polidor!* Haſt thou been baſted? Ha!
I've had a Letter from my Wife worth Gold.
Poor Snake! How out o' Countenance thou art.
Methinks, a forward Fellow, that attempts
To make a Man a Cuckold, and fails in it,
Is more ridiculous than any Cuckold.
'Egad, methinks thou art my Cuckold now, ha, ha.

Pol. So you reward me well for all my Service.

Lo. Oh! thank thee a thouſand times; and do thou Marry, I'le do thee as much kindneſs, with thy Wife.

Pol. I thank you, Sir; I ſhall not trouble you.

Lo. But one word more; was my Wife true to me
From Conſcience, Duty, and ſuch Vulgar things?
Or from the value, which ſhe has for me?

Pol. I will not tell you, it will make you vain.

Lo. Enough, I'm happy!—— now I'le reconcile
My Wife and thee.

Pol. I am aſham'd to look on her.

Lo. Alas! poor Rogue! come hither, Mrs. *Lovely*.
I much commend your watchfulneſs and care
Of your dear Honour; but don't fear this Gentleman,
He's your near Couſin.

Mrs. *Lo.* He is not my Couſin——
He may be yours.

Lo. He's Kin to both of us:
That is to ſay, he is of our Proud Strain, And

And has, like us, exquisite sense of Honour.
Look, if she does not turn away from him,
Not only in scorn of him; but my Commands.
These Vertuous Women are so insolent.
Embrace her *Polidor*.

Pol. I dare not do't.

Lo. The Devil's in you both.

Pol. Well, don't be angry,
Your humble Servant, Madam.

Mrs. *Lo.* Sir, your Servant.
You'l pardon me, I did not understand you.

Lo. No, you'r a Goose; and cackle, (do you hear?)
When any Man but he, assaults your Capitol.
He's half my self; there's but one Soul between us,
And so we two together make one Husband.
Therefore be kind to him, as half your Husband.
And you commit Adult'ry, *Polidor*,
If, whilst she lives, you lie with other Women.
Now keep together, I will to this Lady.
Sweet, Madam, shall we enjoy your Company
For half an hour?

Com. Sir, I'm at your Command.
I'le stay to rattle this false *Polidor*. (*Aside.*

Lo. Thanks, dearest Creatures, and I'm yours, I swear.
I'm strangely fortunate with all the Fair. (*Ex.*

ACT

ACT. IV. *Scene, Covent-Garden.*

Enter Sir John Shittlecocke.

Sir *Joh.* GAd, I can't go to Bed till I've taken a turn before this Houſe. Pox on me for a Fool, I'll go home. Pox, gad, I can't; pox!——I muſt walk here. That I ſhou'd be in Love with three Beauties at once! and, gad, I am. I don't know which I love beſt, Mrs. *Lovely*, Mrs. *Siſtly*, or Mrs. *Lionell*. They are three ſweet Creatures, and make this Houſe to me, a Sweet Houſe. The Doors are Sweet Wood, the Bricks are Sweet Paſte, the Mortar is Amber-Greece, and the Stones are Sugar-Candy.——Gad, they are.

Enter Thornback.

Th. 'Tis now about Eleven o' Clock, the time Mrs. *Lionell* appointed me. How now? Who walks before the Door?

Sir *Joh.* Methinks all the three pretty Rogues ſee me, and watch to ſteal out to me. And firſt Mrs. *Siſtly* creeps out. Dear Madam.——

[*He embraces a Poſt.*

Th. 'Tis *Shittlecock*, and he has got a Madam with him.——He's Kiſſing. He makes my Mouth water. Who is ſhe? Oh! foppiſh Rogue! he's kiſſing a Poſt. And 'tis a kind Poſt, it denies him nothing.——Ha! ha!

Sir *Joh.* Dear Soul——[*He bugs the Poſt, then ſpeaks in a Woman's Tone.*] Well, I did ſteal out to bid you good night, Sir *John*. Good night——good night——[*He ſpeaks for himſelf.*] What ſo ſoon my Love? [*Now in a Woman's Tone.*] I muſt, I muſt, good night——good night——[*Now for himſelf.*] Good night, dear *Siſſee*.

Th. Was ever ſuch a Coxcomb? I dare not tell this, it will reflect upon all *Beaus*, and I am loath to foul my own Neſt; which is too foul already. Many of us *Beaus* are ſuch odious Rogues, 'tis pity our Fathers had not been Married to Poſts.

Sir *Joh.* Now methinks ſtately Madam *Lovely* comes to me, like a *Venus* out of a Sea darkneſs.

Th. From what hedge did this Gipſie ſteal that rag o' Wit? There's no laying any Wit abroad, ſome Rogue or another pilfers it.

Sir *Joh.* This, Madam, is a high Glory indeed. [*He ſpeaks in a Woman's Tone.*] I ſaw you at the Door, Sir *John*, and cou'd not but ſhew you a little pity: [*He ſpeaks for himſelf.*] Oh! Madam, you do me a great Honour; and your Favours are not thrown away on an ungrateful Dog. Egad——I Love and Honour your Ladyſhip above all things.

Th. Oh! how he Loves and Honours his Lady Poſt? truly it deſerves Honour, more than many that have it.

Sir *Joh.* Going already, Madam? Oh! Madam! Pox!——[*In a Woman's Tone.*] I muſt, I muſt, Sir *John*; good night, good night. [*For himſelf.*] Well, dear Soul, good night.

Th. Oh! Mrs. *Lionell!* are you come? So now the Poſt is Mrs. *Lionell.* This Poſt will have as many Chriſtian Names, as ſome foreign Princeſſes have.

Sir *Joh.* I thought you had been in Love with *Thorneback*, Mrs. *Lionell.*

Th. Ha! the Rogue Names me.

Sir *Joh.* [*In a Woman's Tone.*] In Love with Mr. *Thorneback*, Sir *John*, and have you i' my Eye? You cannot think I have ſo little judgment. You are the handſomeſt Man in *England*, and he's the uglieſt. I ſwear he turns my Stomach.

Th. Does he ſo?—— [*He goes to Sir* John.

Sir *Joh. Thorneback*! I'm catch'd in my Foppery. [*Aſide.*

Th. You are a conceited Fellow, *Shittlecock*, and your Poſt is a lying Bitch. I cou'd find i' my heart to ſet your Head where your Heels are, and then I ſhou'd turn your Stomach in good earneſt.

Sir *John.* How ſhall I bring my ſelf off? [*Aſide.*] You think you have catch'd me making a Fool o' my ſelf,——oh! pox! you are miſtaken, I ſaw you——pox.——

Th. No, thou didſt not make a Fool o' thy ſelf. Nature made a Fool o' thee, and when ſhe gave thee being, preſented thee with a Coxcomb: Wou'd ſhe were leſs bountiful o' thoſe Preſents; we abound with 'em.

Sir *Joh.* Well, you ha' Wit, *Tom.* Where does it lye, in your round back, *Tom*? hum, *Tom.*

Th. No——*Tom Ninny*, my Head is better than my Back, and I'm ſorry for it. What prefers a Man to a great Lady? A good back. What makes a weak headed Fellow in favour with a great Man? A good back to bear Affronts, and all the ſhame of his Maſter's Rogueries. If I deſir'd advancement, I wou'd wiſh my ſelf a good back, and be content no part o' my Head were ſtrong, but my Forehead; I wou'd have that be all o' Braſs. But come, Sir, you ſay I turn Mrs. *Lionell*'s Stomach.—— you ſhall ſee, if that be true, preſently. Mrs. *Lionell*! Mrs. *Lionell*!

Enter Mrs. Lovely, *to the Balcony.*

Mrs. Lo. Some body in the Street calls *Lionell.*

Th. She's come into the Balcony, now, Sir.

Sir *Joh.* Gad, ſhe is; to what purpoſe ſhou'd a Man be handſome, when ſuch ugly Fellows get fine Women? [*Aſide.*

Th. Mrs. *Lionell.*

Mrs. Lo. Well.

Th. Is that proud fantaſtical Jilt, thy Lady, i' Bed?

Mrs. Lo.

Mrs. Lo. I come out it seems to have my Picture drawn. I'll pay the Painter, [*Aside.*] She's just gone to Bed.

Th. That's well. And is she beginning to spin a Nap, the only Huswifry she's good for?

Mrs. Lo. She's about it.

Th. May she spin Sleep strong as a Cable, that may bind her Confounded Body to her good Behaviour? Whilst I enjoy thy sweet one. Wo't t'ou come down to me?

Mrs. Lo. Go to the other Door, I'll come, or send.

Th. Sweet Rogue! now *Shittlecock*, do I turn Stomachs? [*Ex.*

Sir *Job.* Was ever such a lucky ugly Fellow? I shall turn Witch with Envy. I must see what they do—— [*Ex.*

Enter a Servant, to the Balcony.

Mrs. Lo. Jane.

Jane. Madam.

Mrs. Lo. A couple of Fops follow *Lionell* to delude her; they are at the back Door. They are *Beaus*, and love Washes; give 'em a wash of clean Water. They'll think it something worse, so I wou'd have 'em. [*Ex.*

[*Water is flung down within the Scenes, and* Thorneback, *and Sir* John Shittlecock *return dabled.*]

Sir *Job.* Oh! Pox! in what a pickle am I?——Pox!

Th. Oh! th' impudent nasty Sow! what does she do this for?

Sir *Job.* You don't turn Stomachs, *Thorneback*? You are so lucky with the Ladies. Pox o' your luck, and me for following you. Pox!

Th. I'll break all their Windows, if I can have Stones for Love, or Money. I'll pelt their Reputations too.

[Th. *goes in, and breaks Windows. Then enters, retreating from* Lovely, *and* Polidor.]

Lo. What Rascal breaks my Windows?

Th. What nasty Strumpet flings Pots out o' Windows?

Lo. How! then, Sir, I beg your pardon. I'll turn my Correction another way, and make you some amends. Ho there! a Light.

Th. No matter for a Light, we are not proud of our Persons.

Sir *Job.* We'll ha' no Light——Pox.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, Cecilia, Camilla, Lionell, *and Servants with Lights.*

Lo. Who's this? *Tom. Thorneback*?

Th. I was *Tom. Thorneback*. I don't know what *I* am now; a Pickleherring, I think. I'de be loath to meet with a hungry *Dutch* Seaman.

Pol. Who's this Gentleman?

Sir *Job.* No matter——pox!——

Pol. Oh! 'tis Sir *John Shittlecock*.

Ce. Sir *John*! [*Aside.*

Lio. And my Squire?—— [*Aside.*

Ce. Our Lovers, *Lionell.*

Lio. Mum.

Lo. Who play'd this ſluttiſh trick with theſe Gentlemen?

Th. Your ſluttiſh Maid there, *Lionell.*

Lio. Who, I? This Lady's my Witneſs, 'twas not I.

Cam. No, Mrs. *Lionell* was with me, when the Water was flung out o' the Window; we heard it, when it went.

Th. Ha! I'm glad to hear that; I love the Fool. Who ſpoke to me from the Balcony? not the Devil, ſure! he deals in Fire, not in Water.——[*Aside.*] Some in your Houſe have a vile infirmity, they cannot hold their water. Pray let 'em ſend it to Doctors, not to Gentlemen.

Lo. Gentlemen, I'll enquire into this Matter, and if I find the Guilty Perſon, you ſhall have ſatisfaction.

Mrs. Lo. I am the guilty Perſon. I was in the Balcony, and heard Men calling to my Maids, to entice 'em out. I muſt not have my Maids ruin'd, and my Houſe diſhonour'd. So to keep my young Fruit from being ſpoil'd, I ſtrove to waſh away Caterpillars; I'm ſorry that Name, Gentlemen, ſhou'd belong to you.

Lo. Nay, Gentlemen, if you be Lovers, you muſt be willing to ſwim through a *Helleſpont.*——

Th. Of Eſſence of Slut? The Devil ſhall have my Miſtreſs firſt.

Mrs. Lo. 'Twas clean Water, I'll aſſure you, Gentlemen; and I hope has quench'd your unlawful Flames.

Lo. I'm ſorry for your Misfortune, Gentlemen. Good night to you. [*Ex.* Lo. *Mrs.* Lo. Pol. Cam.

Lio. Squire! Squire!

Ce. Sir *John!* Sir *John!*

Sir *Joh.* Who? Madam *Siſly*?

Th. Mrs. *Lionell.*

Lio. You betray'd all to my Lady. She talk'd with you in the Balcony.

Th. Thy Lady envies thy Intrigue with me; and is enrag'd becauſe I won't Court her. She might ha' ſent me a better *Billet Doux.* I am mollified: I will go home, and be dulcified; and then give thee another viſit, out o' malice to her. [*Ex.*

Lio. Do, dear Squire. [*Ex.*

Ce. Oh! You pitiful Man; Court Servants? And kiſs Servants?

Sir *Joh.* Has Mrs. *Lionell* told you then? A blabbing, bragging Huſſy!

Ce. She does not brag, ſhe's not ſo proud of you. She laughs at you, and throws you off for Mr. *Thorneback*; and will I accept a Chamber-Maids caſt Love? No ſuch matter. When you Courted my Siſter, I cryed my Eyes out; (like a Fool as I was.) For ſhe's a Gentlewoman, and a Gentleman may be in Love with a Gentlewoman; but now I deſpiſe you. And well I may, every body does ſo. *Lionell* ſays you are ſilly; and my Siſter ſays, you are ſilly and ugly too.

Sir *Joh.*

Sir Job. Does she so? Gad, wou'd she were a Man.

Ce. Well, for my part, I begin to be of her mind; I don't like you now. [*Exit.*

Sir Jo. Gad! I'll kill my self.------I'll see her hang'd first. I am ugly it seems. They lye against their own Consciences, they don't think it. I can forgive any thing rather than that. I value nothing like handsomeness. I don't envy the greatest Wit, or Souldier, or Prince in the World, if he ben't handsome. And Gad I'll be handsome, or it shall cost me five hundred Pounds. I know some young Fellows that have rare Washes, and Paint and Paste, to put on their Faces a nights, that make 'em look as fair as any Waxen Babies. I'll go and get some o' their Paste to night, and some o' their Washes to Morrow, and make Mistress *Sisly* ready to die for me; and then I'll marry a Kitchen Wench. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Room.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely *and* Camilla.

Mrs. *Lo.* Oh! Madam! I'm sincerely sorrowful:
From this sad hour, I'll change my course of life;
Throw off my Vanities and vain Society,
And get acquainted with some good Divine.

Cam. Pray have a care it ben't a young Divine:
For some o' them are very dangerous Men.

Mrs. *Lo.* No, I'll seek out some ancient grave Divines.

Cam. They will not care to be acquainted with you,
Unless you have an interest at Court.
Get an acquaintance, Madam, with Religion.

Mrs. Lo. Madam, I will: Oh! Dear! here comes my Husband.
I am as fearful of him, as a Criminal
Is of a Judge; when ever he is with me,
Methinks 'tis Sessions time, and I in a trying.
And I am forc'd to fawn most shamefully.
Never was Woman humbled as I am.

Cam. Oh! Madam! Madam! you have been too humble.

Enter Lovely *and* Polidor.

Mrs. Lo. My Dear! my Dear! give me a thousand Kisses.

Lo. A thousand Kisses! that's as if a Beggar
Shou'd ask a thousand Guiney's. Is the Art
Of Kissing fail'd? that Kisses are so cheap?
A *Grecian* Courtesan once gave a Youth
Two Talents for a Kiss; now I believe
The Modern Kisses equal the Antique.

Cam.

Cam. Away, you Wretch. [*Aside to* Pol.
Pol. I am more innocent [*Aside to* Cam.
Than you believe.
Cam. Sir, I know what you are.
Lo. Look, look, *Camilla* cannot suffer *Polidor*.
That Handsom fellow has no luck with Women.
Mrs. Lo. Who can be minded, Dear, when you are by?
Lo. So! How you flatter?
Mrs. Lo. Who can flatter thee?
Speak things too fine, of one so superfine
As thou art?
Lo. Superfine! Pox! thou hast borrowed
That Flattery out of a Pack of Cards.
Card-makers give their Cards that Complement.
What dost thou take me for a Knave o' Diamonds?
Mrs. Lo. I cannot tell thee the fine things I think of thee.
Madam *Camilla*, look on Mr. *Lovely*.
Pray Madam has he not a fine turn'd mouth?
Cam. Madam, I never mind Gentlemens mouths:
They may turn East, West, North or South, for me.
[Lovely *goes to* Polidor, *and talks aside with him.*
Lo. She's sharp. Heark, *Polidor*, thou 'rt very unlucky.
Thou canst not get my Wife; but, o' my Conscience,
I've got thy beautiful *Camilla* from thee.
She is uneasie under thy addresses,
But she's displea'd with me for not addressing.
She wou'd not own I had a well turn'd mouth,
Because it was not turn'd to her in flattery.
Now that is a wrong way of making Love,
For it makes Women love themselves, not us,
Makes us their Conquest: I wou'd make them mine,
By shewing my Perfections, and not theirs.
My way of making love, is taking care
That all my looks and motions have a charm.
Pol. So, then you kill in silence, like White-powder.
Lo. You may talk what you will of Wit and Courtship,
A Graceful Body is the dead-weight in Love.
A Lady once had a great passion for me,
Before she saw my face.
Pol. Report had charm'd her.
Lo. Report! She fell in love with my Back-side.
She took me in pieces as I walk'd before her;
And read a Lecture upon every part o' me,
Upon my Shoulders, on my Legs, my Calves:
Some fine forehanded *Beaus* are ill behind.
I'm well both ways.
Pol. D'ye ne're make Love in words?

Lo.

Lo. Yes, but I put on Love with negligence.
Give it a manly air, which awes the Women.
Now you make love with paſſion and formality;
E'gad, thou may'ſt as well make Love in Buckram.
I bear down Womens hearts by over-topping 'em,
So the leaſt favour from me ſeems a Miracle.
Now I will ſtrangely charm your Saint *Camilla*,
I will preſent her with a Puppy-dog.
Madam, I thought of you, the other day,
A charming Female Grey-hound, with fine Limbs,
Small as a Spiders, you may thread a Needle with 'em,
(Belonging to a Lady of my acquaintance)
Is brought to Bed of Puppies, and all *Beaus*.
I humbly beg'd the honour of a Puppy,
Intending to preſent you with it, Madam.
Cam. Oh! Sir, your Servant.
Lo. To confeſs the truth,
I bought it with the promiſe of a Song.
I'll make the Song, and then ſend for the Puppy. [*Exit.*
Cam. Oh, Madam, I am in your Husband's favour.
Mrs. Lo. Oh! I am troubled for my Husband's folly. [*Aſide.*
I wou'd feign love him, and he will not let me.
Cam. Well, Madam, I'll accept your Husband's Preſent.
I will ſtep home only for half an hour,
And then return.
Mrs. Lo. Madam, your humble Servant.
Cam. Now will I watch theſe two. [*She hides between the Scenes.*
Pol. My Dear! my Dear!
Cam. So, he is at his wickedneſs again.
Pol. I've ſo long faſted from thoſe luſcious Lips,
I'm eager to devour thee------Come away,
I'll play the Tyger with thee.
Mrs. Lo. No, I've done
With theſe baſe things.
Pol. Done: Y'ave but juſt begun.
You are but enter'd in this Dancing-School;
You have not yet gone over half your Dances.
Mrs. Lo. Out, out upon you; you have made me hate
You, and my ſelf; I cannot ſhew my face.
Pol. I'le cover it with mine.
Mrs. Lo. You ſhall not, Sir.
Pol. I care not what you ſay: I have no ears for you:
But I have Eyes, and Lips, and Arms for you.
Mrs. Lo. I find you have no Ears for Conſcience.
Pol. P'ſhaw! Conſcience; do not talk to me of Conſcience.
If this be very bad, Heaven help the Fair;
They are all tempted, and 'tis odds they fall.

Do

Do you believe no Women go to Heaven,
But they that have the Devil in their faces?
Mrs. Lo. I'd rather have the Devil in my face,
Than in my heart, as you have.
Pol. I perceive
Your Saint *Camilla* has been ſpoiling you.
Mrs. Lo. She has been mending me, but cannot make me
So excellent a Woman as her ſelf.
Pol. She is no Woman, ſhe is a Church-Monument,
A Picture of Virginity in Marble.
Mrs. Lo. She is a Cherubim in fleſh and blood.
Pol. She's not all fleſh, ſh'as kept ſo many Lents
Till ſhe's a Fiſh.
Cam. Oh brave! [*Aſide.*
Pol. A very Mermaid.
And, Mermaid-like, brings tempeſts where ſhe comes.
In ſhort, don't ſtrive with me, you ſhall not go;
You cannot go.——Y've not the heart to do't.——
I'll venture you.——Gad, but I wo' not though,
Now I conſider on't-----I don't know what
The Devil may put into your head-----Along----
Mrs. Lo. Releaſe me, or I ſwear I will call out.
Pol. You wo' not do't-----Nay more, you cannot do't.
Mrs. Lo. D'ye think I am ſo fond? Who's there? who's there?
Pol. Who's there? who's there? (*Mimiques her*) you ſqueak
So like a Mouſe,-----the Cats will catch you; come out o' their way.
Mrs. Lo. What alles me that I cannot ſtrive with him? [*Aſide.*
[*As he is pulling her* Camilla *enters.*
Cam. So Madam! I'm return'd again.
Pol. Undone! [*Aſide.*
Your Servant, Madam.
Cam. Why d'ye ſpeak to me?
I am a Fiſh.
Pol. Oh! Madam if you were,
I ſhou'd be glad to be a Fiſhmonger.
Cam. His Falſhood wounds me deeply-----but I ſcorn
To let him ſee it; I will ſeem to ſlight it. [*Aſide.*
Your Servant, Sir,——Pray Sir, how does your Brother?
Pol. My Brother, Madam!
Cam. Yes, the Gentleman
Who did me th' honour to addreſs to me?
Your Faces are ſo like you may be Twins,
But in all other things you are ſo different,
I'm ſorry for it; you very much diſgrace him.
Pol. Pardon me, Madam; I've many Brethren, but they're all like me,
Poor ſinful Mortals; We are Sons of *Adam*,

And

And he ne're got much honour by his Sons.
If there be any perfect man amongſt us,
His Mother ſhou'd be queſtion'd how ſhe had him;
For he was not begotten by a Man;
And therefore he diſparages his Houſe.
Cam. You think the ſame, no doubt, of all the Siſters?
Pol. No, Madam:------What Purgation do I ſuffer? [*Aſide.*
Mrs. Lo. No, Sir; the worſt of us, and I am one,
Are not by Nature ſo corrupt as Men.
If we be bad, their Arts have made us ſo.
The high Profeſſions which you made of Vertue
And Honour ruin'd me; if I had known you
I wou'd have ſhunn'd you, I abhor leud men.
Pol. Madam, I know you do.
Cam. I'll Witneſs for her,
She is not eaſily drawn to wickedneſs.
I ſaw and heard, how ſhe reſiſted you.
Such a deſign no doubt you had on me,
Therefore I will avoid you like the Devil.
Mrs. Lo. And ſo will I: Pray, Sir, come here no more.
Cam. Never ſpeak to me again.
Mrs. Lo. No, nor to me.
Pol. So! ſo! my Love is in a fine condition.
This 'tis to have two Miſtreſſes at once.
'Tis ſailing in a Veſſel with two Keels;
Two Holds will never joyn well, 'tis odds they ſplit.
And ſuch a riſque why ſhou'd a Merchant run?
For where's the Man has Freight enough for one? [*Ex.*
Cam. Now, Madam, I will take my leave of you.
Mrs. Lo. Shall I wait on you, Madam?
Cam. By no means.
Well, Madam, I have hope, in little time,
To ſee you fam'd for Piety, and Goodneſs.
A Limb by being broke gets ſtrength, they ſay,
If ſet with Art; ſo broken Vertue may. [*Ex.*
Mrs. Lo. Ah! wou'd to Heaven I did not need th' Experiment.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. I thought I heard my Lady in ſome ſorrow. [*Aſide.*
Mrs. Lo. Begone.
Lio. Begone? I wo'not be ſo ſnap'd.
Mrs. Lo. You won't, Huſſy?
Lio. I won't be Huſſyed neither.
Mrs. Lo. Is't poſſible? Why Miſtreſs, what are you?
Lio. Madam, I'm vertuous; I wou'd you were ſo.
I know what you have done with Mr. *Polidor.*
Ay, Madam, and my Maſter ſhall know too.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! mercy on me! this is worſt of all. [*Aſide*
Come back, come back, upon your life I charge you.
What do you know?
Lio. She'l kill me——*Aſide*——Nothing——Nothing——Madam,
I am a Prating Fool, a ſawcy Goſſip.
Your Ladyſhip is a modeſt vertuous Lady.
I only ſaw a rude Bear of a Fellow,
That wou'd ha' mumbled you, if you'd ha' let him;
But you behav'd your ſelf as handſomly
As e're I ſaw a Lady, in your circumſtances;
Till the baſe Man at length o're-maſter'd you.
Mrs. Lo. I'm an undone, loſt Woman: Heaven and Grace
Abandon'd me, and now my Honour's gone.
Begone, and uſe me as ill as I deſerve.
Lio. I uſe you ill, dear Madam! Heaven forbid.
Though you have been very ſevere to me,
I have had always a great Love for you.
And now I'm very ſorry for your Circumſtances.
How came your Ladyſhip to do this thing?
Mrs. Lo. Oh! ask no Queſtions, bury the foul Story.
Lio. Indeed I wonder how he work'd upon you;
For, Madam, you are vertuous in your nature.
But any one may be o're-taken once.
Well, Madam, I'll be faithful to your Ladyſhip.
Mrs. Lo. Then I'll be kind to thee; preſerve my Honour,
And, if thou wo't, take all my other Jewels.
Lio. Theſe Tears are Jewels, and become you ſweetly.
Well, there's a rich old Spark comes after me,
And I believe deſigning ſcurvy matters;
But he ſhall find I am a vertuous Maid.
What e're he thinks, I'm only kind to him,
To try if I can fool him into Marriage.
And, Madam, won't you lend a helping hand?
Mrs. Lo. My Hand! my Purſe! I'll give thee a good Fortune.
Lio. Thank you, good Madam. [*Enter a Servant.*
Ser. Mrs. *Lionell*,
Here is a Gentleman wou'd ſpeak with you. [*Exit.*
Lio. Oh! I believe 'tis my old fuſty Spark. [*Exit.*
Mrs. Lo. So, I'm become a Vaſſal to my Servant.
Farewell intriguing, and come happy vertue,
There's no true peace, or pleaſure but in thee.
I'll break with *Polidor*, but do't (if poſſible)
So gently, that the breach may make no noiſe.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Oh! Madam! my Lover, Squire *Thornback*, is come
To ſee me; and my Room is full o' Company.
I don't know where to put him; Pray will you lock
Him up in your Cloſet.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lo. So, I have got an Honourable Function. [*Aside.*

Lio. Squire! Squire! come hither, Squire! [*Enter* Thornback. Here, Madam; Lock him up a while; I'll do as much for you. Stay there, Squire; I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Lo. I must obey; Go in, Mr. *Thornback.*

Th. How, Madam? Lock me up in your Closet? Love And Murder will out.

Mrs. Lo. What? thou wo't be a Lover and a *Beau* again? Wo't chuse the only part thou art not fit for?

Th. Now she is at her tricks again.

Mrs. Lo. Thou seem'st made for a Souldier; go to the Wars, There thou may'st get Honour; and if thou should'st Lose thy Nose, or a Jaw; thou'dst be as much A *Beau*, as thou art now.

Th. Gad— I cou'd beat her. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. If thou should'st lose a Jaw, thou might'st have one from an Ass, as good as thy own; and if thy Nose, a Goldsmith wou'd make thee a better, and as natural to thee as thy Complexion; for that's none of thy own; thou art Painted.

Th. Painted!

Mrs. Lo. Yes, Painted.

Th. Gad, so I am; and well Painted too, howe're she comes to know it. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Lo. Let my Handkerchief examine thy Face, if thou dar'st.

Th. Gad, I dare not. [*Aside.*] Come, Madam, this seeming Aversion of yours is Art and Paint: wou'd you lock me up in your Closet, if you did not reckon me among your Sweet-meats?

Mrs. Lo. Sweet-meats!

Th. Yes, Madam; I don't think you e're laid up Conserve o' Roses for your Maid, and Conserve o' Man is more luscious.

Mrs. Lo. A Man! thou art rather a great Mandrake. I have read of a Wife who gave Mandrakes for a Man, never of any that gave a Man for a Mandrake; as I shou'd do, shou'd I quit my Husband for thee.

Th. What a prepostorous thing is a Woman? Every thing moves forward to what it desires, but a Woman and a Crab, and they run backwards. Madam, you will make me renounce you.

Mrs. Lo. Prithee do—Ha! I see *Polidor!* [*Aside.*
Get you in quick! quick!——

Th. Oh! are you complying?——
[*She puts him in.*] [*Enter* Polidor.

Pol. How, Madam! put a Man into your Closet?

M. Lo. So, now he'l rave, and in revenge dishonour me. [*Aside.*] A man!

Pol. A Man——I saw you put him there.

Mrs. Lo. Well, make no noise——there is a Reason for it.

Pol. Must you conceal him? Well, I'll do't effectually.
I'll render him eternally invisible,
If possible; I'll mangle him into Atoms.

Mrs. Lo. Away.

Pol. Stand back! I'll ſee what you ha' got,
Whether it be a Flower or a Weed,
Which you are Stilling in this Limbeck here,
For I believe he's in a dropping Sweat.
Come out here.——— [*He pulls in Th.*
———Mr. *Thorneback*! Sir, your Servant.———
You are a Happy Man.

Th. Well, ſo I am,———
Happier than many of you Smock-fac'd Fellows.
Girls may be Liquoriſh after ſuch white Faces,
As Kitlings Love to have a lick at Cream;
But your good Mouſers love———

Pol. Vermine, like thee.

Th. Rail at me, how thou wo't, I do not care;
But ſlander not this Lady; if you do,
Egad I'll cut your Wind-Pipe, if I can;
And I dare fight, you know. Madam, your Servant,———
I'll vindicate your Honour.——— [*Ex.*

Pol. With thy Face,———
For that will do it better than thy Sword.
Madam! you baniſh'd me, but to make room
For a new Friend, it ſeems.

Mrs. Lo. You do me wrong.
You have made me a Servant to my Servant:
My Reputation is at her Command,
And therefore I am forc'd to be at her's;
Be her Fool's Fool, and hide him for her uſe.
I do not ſpeak this to preſerve your Love,
That I caſt off, but for my Honour's ſake.
And therefore do not blaſt it with the World;
For if you do, I will have ſuch Revenge,
That all ſhall ſtartle when they hear me nam'd.

Pol. Th'art a brave Woman: And, be true or falſe,
I Love thee. [*He runs to her, and embraces her.*

Mrs. Lo. Oh! thou art a tempting Man!
I never ſhall be good, till I am rid of thee.

Pol. I'll never part with thee, whilſt I have Life;
For though thy Heart be falſe, thy Beauty's true:
Though not a word of Truth comes from thy Mouth,
I'm ſure there's unfeign'd ſweetneſs in thy Lips.
I will have ſome employment in that Treaſury.
If I cannot be Lord-Commiſſioner,
I'll be contented with an under Office,
Only for Fees, to have one Kiſs in twenty.

Mrs. Lo. How pleaſant you can be with Sin, and Shame;
A ſign thou art a hardned Malefactor.

Repent,

Repent, repent! and leave thy Wickedneſs.
Pol. Ben't you ſo wicked, when the Nation
Is ſetled comfortably, in Cuckolding,
To make a Schiſm in it; a new Diſtraction.
All Parties lovingly agree in Cuckolding,
Thou't be the only Member o' thy Church.
But I believe thou wilt remain a Siſter
Of the Great, Univerſal, Primitive Church;
For Cuckolding is very Ancient.
Mrs. Lo. Nay, nay, the Sin's ſo Old, 'tis time it dyed;
It ſhall with me, I'll harbour it no more.
I'll ſeparate from you, we will be two.
Pol. Ay, till we get on a ſoft Bed again,
There we'll again ſink ſweetly into one.
Mrs. Lo. No——I've ſome Conſcience ſtill, what e're you think.
Pol. Ay, and ſome warm deſires, what e're you think;
You are fearful of your Honour; have no fear,
I'll be as careful of it, as my Life.
Our private meetings ſhall be known to none.
Mrs. Lo. What! Not to me?
Pol. Yes, you'll know ſomething of 'em.
Mrs. Lo. Well, that will be enough to make me wretched:
No, we will never be thus cloſe again.
Except in Death; one Grave may lodge us both.
I ſhall deſire to ſleep with thee in Duſt.
Pol. Then I ſhall be a ſcurvy Bedfellow.
Mrs. Lo. Till then I am reſolv'd to part with thee. [*She goes from him.*
Pol. And can you do it?
Mrs. Lo. You will part with me,
When you have ſated your ill Appetite;
Perhaps before; ſhou'd a Diſeaſe drink up
This little Beauty, you wou'd vaniſh too.
Pol. It may be ſo; but prethee, let me have
Thy Body, till thy Beautious Face departs.
Mrs. Lo. No; I've given up my Fort; but I will march
Honourably away, with Arms, and flying Colours.
And ſo, ſweet *Polidor*, farewell for ever.
Be not diſpleas'd; I leave thee for no Rivals
But Vertue, Conſcience, Honour, things Divine,
Which I to Night loſt only by ſurprize;
And nothing elſe out-ſhines thee in my Eyes. [*Exit.*
Pol. She is a falſe, diſſembling, artful Jilt;
Proud to exceſs; ſome Man o' Quality
Has got her from me, *Thornback* was the Bawd;
Now ſhe wou'd blind my Eyes with flattery,
And a pretence to Conſcience,
The common Covering for all kind of Cheats.

I am

I am convinc'd, this Woman's Race in Sin
I did not ſtart; nor will it end with me.
To recompence the wrong I've done my Friend,
I'll free him from ſo dangerous a Wife.

Enter Lovely.

Lo. The Lady gone, before ſhe has her Puppy?——
Dear *Polidor!* I will be free with thee——
W'ave ſwom down far in Night; methinks I ſcent
The Coaſt of ſleep, a Vapor comes that way.
I think w'are on the borders of the Morning.
Go home and ſleep, if Envy will permit thee;
For I will play the Epicure to Night.
My Wife and I will be exceeding wanton.
I'll have ten Tapers burning o're my Pillow,
To give us both full ſight of all our Features.
My Luxury will conſiſt in Curioſity.
My Eyes ſhall wander o're her Face to ſpy
If, when I kiſs her, ſhe's entranc'd with joy.

Pol. Lovely, I'll ſhew I am more fond of thee
Than of my ſelf; for, to be true to thee
I will betray my ſelf, unman my ſelf.
For he, who when a Beauteous Lady favours him,
Rejects her Love, and treacherouſly informs,
Does not deſerve to be eſteem'd a Man.
But I have firſt ſworn Loyalty to thee,
Therefore I can with leſs reluctancy,
Throw off Allegiance to thy Charming Lady,
And own ſhe is not what ſhe ought to be.

Lo. I am the Miſerableſt Man on Earth:
I will firſt Murder her, and then my ſelf.

Pol. How, Murder her! You ſhall firſt Murder me.
I've ſuffer'd you to make me more a Villain,
Than e're I thought there cou'd be ſtuff found in me
For that baſe work; and ſhall I let you make me
A Murderer too? For if you take her Life
For what I've told, I'm Guilty of her Blood.
And will I be your vile eternal tool,
And joyn in Sacrificing ſuch a Goddeſs
To ſuch a Beaſt as thou? I'll rather Victim
A Hecatomb of ſuch as thou to her.

Lo. Well, I will ſuffer theſe provoking Words,
Becauſe I've given too much occaſion for 'em.
I had a hand too, in corrupting her.
Shou'd I Chaſtiſe you both, for bringing forth
The Monſters, which I help'd to generate,

I ſhou'd

I ſhou'd be worſe than any Wolf or Bear;
I ſpare you both, in reverence to my ſelf,
But I will never ſee her Face again.
Pol. What have I done? Curſe on all lewd Intrigues!
When we give up our Reaſon to our Luſts,
It is no wonder if we act like Beaſts.
Oh! what a damn'd *Barbarian* have I been
To this too fair frail Veſſel? I firſt plunder'd her,
Then daſh'd her all in pieces on a Rock;
Becauſe I cannot get all I deſire.
But I'le endeavour to piece up the Wrack;
And then impoſe her on this odious Fool,
Put him aboard, then let him ſink or ſwim.——— [*Aſide.*
Lovely, I'de part with my right hand to Cuckold thee,
Enjoy thy Beauteous Wife, and ſweet Revenge,
For the returns thou mak'ſt my fooliſh Friendſhip.
Lo. Since thou haſt got her Soul, I'de have thee Cuckold me
To damn her Soul.
Pol. I take thee at thy word;
Go out, and give me opportunity
To play my Game of Love out, if thou dar'ſt.
Lo. I'll not go out, but I'll pretend to do't,
And only ſtand conceal'd, and ſee my Lot;
If ſhe be lewd, take her, I'll thank thee for't.
Pol. As I wou'd have it.——[*Aſide.*]——Come, it is a Bargain.
Go, tell your Wife you go abroad.
Lo. I will.
Pol, And I mean-while will whiſper *Lionell.* [*Aſide.*
Lo. Shou'd Lotteries have no other Stakes than Whores,
The lucky Lots wou'd to the Loſers riſe,
And they be Curſt, who carry off the Prize. [*Ex.*

ACT. V. *Scene continues.*

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. MY Husband gone abroad at this late Hour,
And in diſorder too? What ſhou'd it mean?
I'm terribly afraid I am diſcover'd.
In what a horrid Slavery am I?
How many do I fear? And muſt obey,
Or ſuffer Shame, which I hate more than Death:
I'll drive the painful Thoughts out o' my Mind.

Who's

Who's there? [*Enter a Servant.*
Go bid my Maid ſing the new Song.——

The SONG.

SEE! where repenting Celia *lyes,*
With Bluſhing Cheeks, and down-caſt eyes,
Bemoaning, in a mournful ſhade,
The ruins in her heart and fame,
Which ſinful love has made.
Oh! let thy Tears, fair Celia, *flow,*
For that Cœleſtial, wondrous dew,
More Graces on thee will beſtow;
Than all thy Dreſſes, and thy Arts cou'd do.

Ye Nymphs who oft to Springs repair,
For Beauty, Health, and Airs and Air,
But loſe more Beauty than you gain;
You cleanſe your Skins, but there too oft
Your Fames you deeply ſtain.
Ah! Nymphs, with Tears, your faults bemoan,
If you wou'd laſting Beauty ſhare;
Thoſe Springs and Wells, and thoſe alone,
In ſpite of Age and Death, will make you fair.

Enter Lionell.

Lio. Oh! Madam! Madam! I've ill news for you.
You have been tamp'ring with a barbarous fellow.
What d'ye think Mr. *Polidor* has done?
Highly enrag'd becauſe you hid Squire *Thornback*;
He has been blabbing: he has told my Maſter.——
Mrs. Lo. What has he told him?——
Lio. Nay, nay, be not frightned,
For as his Tongue was prancing to the Devil,
He rein'd it in, and only told my Maſter,
He made love to you, and you lent an ear.
Mrs. Lo. Oh! Villain! vain, ungrateful, looſe tongu'd Villain.
Lio. Nay, nay, be comforted, all will be well:
For Mr. *Polidor* repents his raſhneſs,
And has contriv'd to do you good by it.
Mrs. Lo. 'Twill do me good, I'll never intrigue more.
Lio. You know my Maſter has pretended buſineſs
Abroad to night; that's nothing but a trick
Agreed between 'em; he's to ſtay and watch,

And

And ſee how you treat Mr. *Polidor*:
And Mr. *Polidor* deſires you, Madam,
To uſe him ſcurvily, and then you'l ſet
All right again; and bravely fop my Maſter.
Mrs. Lo. Nay, I believe we may delude my Husband:
But who can rule *Polidor*'s prating Tongue?
Lio. Nay, Men are lying, bragging, prating things.
Mrs. Lo. Their chiefeſt Luxury conſiſts in bragging.
They take more pleaſure to enjoy a Beauty
In empty bragging, than in their embraces.
My Story will ſoon fly like Powder fir'd,
And ſhake the Town with laughing at my ſhame.
I'll to ſome diſtant unknown Wilderneſs,
Where never any day, or Man appear'd.
Waſhes and Waſhes were my Study once;
Now Penitential Tears ſhall be my Waſh,
Where I will bathe my Soul, and whiten it,
If I have one; for I can ſcarce believe
Heaven to a Woman wou'd entruſt a Soul.
Nature to our frail Sex is not a Friend;
She for our ruin Gifts on us beſtows,
Charms to allure, no Power to oppoſe.
In Paſſion we are ſtrong, in Reaſon weak,
Conſtant alone to error and miſtake;
In Vertue feign'd, in Vanity ſincere,
Witty in ſin, and for damnation fair. [*Ex. Mrs.* Lo. & Lio.

Enter Lovely, *and* Polidor.

Lo. Methinks this Woman ſhou'd not be falſe to me.
I love not Vanity, but I am forc'd on't——
What can ſhe ask in Man, which I have not?
I've Youth.
Pol. Too much, it makes thee over fond.
Lo. I've Vigour.
Pol. Ev'ry where, but in thy Head.
Lo. I've Wit.
Pol. And folly too, a needful thing.
Lo. So 'tis, in him, who means to pleaſe a Woman;
And I have folly, or I ne're had Married.
I've Beauty.
Pol. Th' art th' *Adonis* of the Age.
Lo. The *Orpheus* too, I Sing.
Pol. Ay, And in Tune;
Which many cannot do, who live by Singing.
Lo. And in my own Songs, I ſing; for I write Songs.
Pol. And Senſe; a thing not done by many Poets;

Some of them write but Rime, dry Rime, ſo dry,
If they were not ſupply'd ſome other way,
Their *Helicon* wou'd never make 'em drink.——
Lo. Then I have Noble Birth, and a large Fortune.
Pol. Not on thy Forehead——I hope——See, *Lionell*
Is here, retire! retire!—— [*Ex.* Lo. *and enter* Lionell.
So, what's the News? Speak ſoftly, your Maſter's
Within hearing.
Lio. My Lady was in a wonderful Rage, when I told
Her how I had ſerv'd her.
Pol. Well, that I might have gueſs'd, without your telling.
Lio. I was forc'd to let her Fury vent it ſelf, before
She was capable of Reaſon; now ſhe's calm, and
Will come.—— [*Ex.* Lio. *and enter* Lovely.
Lo. What ſays *Lionell*?
Pol. Your Lady will come.
Lo. Then ſhe's a Strumpet, and you are a Traytor.
Pol. How, *Lovely*?
Lo. A Traytor, I ſay.
Pol. Does this become you?
Lo. De'e mock me, Sir? What can become a Cuckold?
Pol. I thought y'ad been of a more gentle Nature.
Lo. Oh! Sir, you thought I'de ha' been ridden patiently;
I will y'ave rid one half of me, my Wife;
Now pray, Sir, mount the other half, mount me.
Who's there? Get *Polidor* his Boots and Spurs,
A Bridle he needs none; I ha' one i' my mouth——
I'm Married with a Pox!
That any honeſt Gentleman ſhou'd Marry!
Marriage is worſe than *Bridewell* to our Sex:
Strumpets are Whip'd in *Bridewell*, but in Marriage
Harlots are daily Rods for honeſt Men.
I wou'd have none but Malefactors marry.
Inſtead of drudging in Plantations,
I'de have 'em doom'd to ſtay at home and marry,
Plough their own Wives, and Plant that Weed Mankind.
Be my Wife true or falſe, th'art a baſe Fellow
For undertaking ſuch a Paltry Office.
Pol. 'Tis very well; did you not beg me, Sir?——
Lo. Yes, I confeſs; I begg'd thee for my Fool;
Therefore I ought to be thy Guardian;
But if thou wer't any Man's Fool but mine,
Hadſt done this at another Man's requeſt,
I wou'd Correct thee; ſwingingly Correct thee.
Pol. Correct me! I deſpiſe thee, laugh at thee.
If I've enjoy'd thy Wife, th'aſt been my Fool.
Lo. Enjoy'd!

Pol. Enjoy'd.

Lo. Don't ſay't, or think it, Sir.

Pol. Releaſe me from the Tyes of Friendſhip to you,
And I'll both ſay't, and do't. ——————.

Lo. How, do't?

Pol. Ay, do't.——
That is, if your fair Wife will give conſent.

Lo. Well, if you do, 'tis but what I deſerve;
I'm tame, not out of any fear, you know.

Pol. And *I* more fear to do, than ſuffer wrong;
You know it, Sir.

Lo. I know you brave enough;
And for that reaſon *I* believe you honeſt.
But ſhe's a Whore.

Pol. I hope in Heaven ſhe is.

Lo. To ſteal by Night to you, ſo near her Bed-Chamber!
'Tis a plain Introduction to her Bed.

Pol. 'Tis the road to it, and gad *I* will jog on:
But I'm afraid ſhe'll ſtop me by the way,
And only means gay faultleſs liberty,
In which ſome Women love to have their ſwing,
And they can meaſure it to a Hairs-breadth.

Lo. Pox o' their even hands; I'm mad to find
A Strumpet and my Wife a meaſuring caſt.
She, who will run ſo near the brink of Sin,
If ſtrongly puſh'd, is ſure to tumble in.
But come let's ſee the end of this Affair.—— [*Lo. hides.*

Enter at another Door, Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. So, Mr. *Polidor*!
I perceive your Addreſſes to me were ſerious.

Pol. Ay, believe it, Madam; moſt Men are ſerious at the Bar of their Judge, when their Lives are at ſtake, upon your Sentence my Life depends.

Mrs. Lo. Is't poſſible? Then won'd you rob your Friend,
Your boſom Friend, of his moſt dear lov'd Wife?
I did not think Man cou'd have been ſo falſe,
And made the Aſſignation for a jeaſt.
Now you indeed purſue your horrid purpoſe;
I come to look upon you as a Monſter.
You have no Honour——Conſcience——nor Eyes:
Do you not ſee my Husband's a young Gentleman?
One of the handſom'ſt Men in the whole World?
Pray, why ſhou'd *I* change him for any Man?

Lo. Oh! rare! oh! rare! [*Lo. peeps, and liſtens.*

Mrs. Lo. Go——go——*I* laugh at you,

But if you ever trouble me again,
Upon my word, I will have worſe revenge.

[*She goes out in a great Rage——and* Pol. *ſhrugs, taking her words as they are meant, in a double Senſe.*]

Lo. Dear *Polidor*! my honeſt *Polidor*!
My injur'd *Polidor*! forgive! forgive me.

Pol. What *Polidor* de'e ſpeak too? Not to me?
I am a Traytor; I've abus'd your Bed.

Lo. Thou art an Angel, and haſt ſcatter'd Joys
About my Bed, tranſporting Joys, I'm——rapt.
Not that I'de have thee pardon me too ſoon,
For that will ſpoil me, and encourage me
To play the Fool again; no beat me, kick me.——

Pol. Kick you, and Cuckold you too? No, that's too much.

Lo. Cuckold me? Ha! ha! honeſt, poor dear *Polidor*
Th'aſt ſuffer'd ſo much for thy honeſty,
I almoſt wiſh that thou might'ſt Cuckold me
For half an hour, to make thee ſome amends.

Pol. This *I* can bear from thee, but I'll renounce
Your Houſe, ay, and your Lady too, for ever.

Lo. Poor Rogue! art angry th'art come off ſo blank?

Pol. Pox o' you handſom Fellows; there's no getting
A Woman from you, *I* will ne're endeavour
To Cuckold a young handſom Rogue again.

Lo. P'ſhaw! th'art the graceful'ſt Fellow in the World:
And I'm the happieſt——what a Wife have *I*?
How fond ſhe is of Honour, and of me?
Ah! how ſhe rated thee, for what ſhe thought
Diſhonourable Treachery to me?
I told you her humour: If a brave Ambition
To be admir'd and honour'd, be a foible,
Gad, let me tell you, 'tis a noble foible.
Well, now *I* am convinc'd *I* have her Soul;
And the Soul's all in all the Beauty in Beauty.
Tho' ſhe has Charming Lips, if, when *I* Kiſs her,
I ſhou'd taſte only Conſcience, and cold Duty,
I'de as lieve kiſs the Common-Prayer Book:
Now ſhe will fuddle me with every Kiſs;
For *I* ſhall taſte the Quinteſſence of Bliſs.
Well, *Polidor*, I'm much indebted to thee.

Pol. Ay, more than you can pay; by ſerving you,
I am afraid I've loſt my fair *Camilla*.
My Courtſhip to your Wife has reach'd her Ear.

Lo. Oh! you may have her upon terms of Marriage,
I warrant you;——But wou'd you marry her?

Pol. With all my heart, I'm tir'd with lewd Intrigues.
There's more vexation in 'em than they're worth.

I have a mind to fix, but know not where,
Except on her; she's a reserv'd young Beauty;
And marry her, *I* marry but one Woman,
And th' only perfect Creature of her Sex.
But if *I* marry a vain visiting Beauty,
I marry half the Gossips in the Town.
I shall have them as oft as *I* have her;
And they will rule my House as much as she shall.

Lo. Say she brings twenty thousand Pound.

Pol. What then?
Who will she bring it too? Why, not to me?
But to her Mercers, and her Milliners,
To *India* Houses, and to Basset Tables.
And for this Fortune, which *I* shall not share,
I must on her, settle the Devil and all.
But *I* am sure *I* shall not settle her;
For every Fool will have her more than *I*.
But if *I* have *Camilla* for a Wife,
She'll lay out all my Money upon me;
And, what's far better, her sweet Charming self.

Lo. Yet *I* believe you rather wou'd debauch her.

Pol. I have sometimes design'd to go that way:
But still *I* met an Angel in her Face,
Made me start back, like *Balaam*'s frightned Ass.

Lo. Well, to requite the service thou hast done me,
Before she sleeps, I'll try to make her thine;
And may she prove just such a Wife as mine. [*Ex.* Lo. Pol.

Enter Mrs. Lovely, *and* Lionell.

Mrs. Lo. Oh! what a scape have *I* had? *Lionell*, *I* am much beholding to thee, for thy assistance, in this scurvy business.

Lio. Madam *I* was bound in Conscience, to help you out of a snare, into which *I* brought you. *I* made you hide Mr. *Thorneback*. You are clear of all Sin with him; *I* am sure. Ah! wou'd you were as free from t'other Offence.

Mrs. Lo. Ah! wou'd *I* were, *Lionell*.

Lio. Really, Madam; *I* wonder how you cou'd do such a thing. I protest, I'de not ha' done it, for a Thousand Pound, and a Thousand.

Mrs. Lo. Nay, prethee, talk of it no more.

Lio. *I* thank Heaven, *I* am Vertuous. He that has me, will have a Vertuous Wife. *I* know Squire *Thorneback* comes with hopes to fool me out of my Vertue; and *I* encourage him, in hopes to draw him into Marriage; but if my old Water-wagtail will only hop about the brinks of Marriage, and never step in, I'll drive him away. Last time he was here, we cou'd not have opportunity to talk; so he sent me

word he'd come to Night again; if he does, I'll know what he means.

Mrs. Lo. Do, *Lionell*; 'tis pity thou ſhoud'ſt not be well beſtowed; thou art very pretty.

Lio. Oh! Madam! you are pleas'd to ſay ſo.

Mrs. Lo. Wou'd *I* were ſo handſom.

Lio. Oh! ſweet Madam!

Oh! Poor Heart! how low ſhe's fallen, to be a Flatterer o' me? *I* ſhall be aſham'd to keep her.——— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. Lo. Come, *Lionell*, I'll ſet thy things about thee a little handſomely, againſt he comes; and lend thee any thing o' mine. Come, thou ſhalt have this Ring off my Finger.———'Twill become thy pretty Hand.——— [*She gives her a Ring.*

Lio. Oh! Good Madam!

Ah! poor Soul! how humble and kind ſhe's grown. She's ſtrangely mended. Well, *I* ſee a little iniquity does one good ſometimes.——— [*Aſide.*———

Well, what a Cully have we made my Maſter?
How he prais'd you for ſeeming fond of Honour?
When Heaven knows, if you can ſave your own,
His may go hang. Men thunder one another,
But in our hands they're nothing. Oh! what Gullyes,
What Coxcombs, and what Cuckolds do we make 'em?
When e're *I* ſee a Man, *I* laugh in's face.

Enter Thorneback, *peeping.*

Th. Ha! with her Lady? Well, this is the Craft of her Lady, to hook in a Viſit to her ſelf; for *I* am ſure they are Confidents. The Lady knows *I* am to viſit her Woman. But why cannot the Lady come directly to the point, and encourage me? Ladies, like their own Shocks, will wheel, and wheel, e're they lie down in Laps.———I'll appear———Dear, Madam.

Mrs. Lo. Thou here again? Begone thou odious Fool; I'd rather die than bear the ſight of thee.

Th. Die and be damn'd; I'm not ſo fond of thee.
You believe all the World's in love with you.
I never valued you, forſooth, I came
After a prettier Woman, Mrs. *Lionell*;
Whom I ſhall quickly make a better Woman,
For I will marry her; and know, forſooth,
I am by birth a Peg above your Husband.
He's but an ordinary Squire, and I
Am th' only Sprig of a great Noble Family.
Come pretty Rogue, I'll marry thee to night. [*Ex.* Mrs. Lo.

Lio. Your Servant, Squire; and ſhall I be the Lady
Of a great honourable high-born Squire?

Th.

Th. Ay, and take place o' thy proud Lady there.
Come Dear, where ſhall we get a Marriage-jobber?
A holy Joyner, to put us together?
Lio. Here in the Houſe, is a Genteel young Parſon,
A Kinſman o' my Maſter's, he'l be glad
To do a little Job o' Journey-work,
For a young Woman.
Th. Come, my pretty Rogue.
Lio. Come, Squire! [*Ex.* Th. Lionell.

Enter Sir John Shittlecock, *and* Polidor.

Sir Joh. Dear Mr. *Polidor*, I muſt ſpeak with you——'Tis about a young Lady in this Houſe, Madam *Siſly*, I'm ſtark mad in love with her. You muſt know I once had her heart, and I have loſt it, Pox!—I'd give a hundred Pound to get it again——I can't ſleep without it.—Pox——you are great here—Gad, if you wou'd help me.—Pox:——

Pol. What will you do with it, when you have it? Will you marry her?

Sir Joh. Marry her? Oh! Pox! d'ye think I won't? Pox: Ay, with all my Soul.

Pol. The Rogue, has a pretty Eſtate, and ſhe but a ſmall Fortune, I'll make the Match.—(*Aſide*)—Well, I'll aſſiſt you in it.

Sir Joh. Thank you, dear Mr. *Polidor*, I'll do you as much ſervice with all my heart—I'll marry you to any body.

Pol. I'm much oblig'd to your, Sir.

Enter Cecilia.

Sir Joh. Oh! Gad! here ſhe comes! I dare not ſee her——I'le run away from her; Egad I won't—I'll ſtay, and If ſhe be angry, I'll be as angry as ſhe.

Pol. Madam—here is an humble Servant o' yours.—

Ce. I'll ha' nothing to do with him; I can't abide him. He makes love to every body he ſees.

Sir Joh. Oh! Pox, Madam:——only in Gallantry.——

Pol. Hearк you, Madam; he has a pretty Eſtate.—

Ce. I don't care for his Eſtate, nor him neither. I'll ha' no body but thoſe that I love, and thoſe that love me.

Sir Joh. And do you think I don't love you, Madam? I love you more than I am able to expreſs——Pox.

Pol. I'll tell you how you ſhall expreſs your love, The Form of Marriage beſt expreſſes Love. He loves, that from his heart can ſay thoſe words.

Sir Joh. I'll marry her to night, with all my Soul.

Ce. I won't have you.

Pol.

Pol. Kneel, kneel, and beg.——

Sir Joh. I will——with all my Soul. [*Kneels.*

Gad——I wont Kneel——I'll be as dogged as ſhe——

If ſhe won't ha' me, let her chuſe—— [*Riſes again.*

Pol. Do you ſee, Madam? you'l loſe him ——have a care.

Ce. Well I'll forgive him; but *I* cou'd find i' my heart not to do it.

Sir Joh. And ſhall we marry?

Ce. Yes, may be *I* will——may be *I* won't——

Sir Joh. I'm overjoy'd! but hark, Mr. *Polidor*, a word, Now *I* ha' got her conſent, *I* care for no more——Pox—— *I* don't care for marrying——Pox———— [*Aſide to* Pol.

Pol. How! not marry her, after you have promiſed her: Oh! 'twill be baſe!—— [*Aſide to* Sir Joh.

Sir Joh. Oh! right! it will be baſe, I'll marry her,—— Pox. Faith I've no mind—Yes faith——I have—— Oh! faith! I'll marry her with all my Soul——[*Aſide to* Pol.] Come, my Dear Soul! let's go together, Dear.——

[*Ex.* Sir Joh. & Ce.

Pol. A giddy Fool! how faſt his Brains turn round! The fair *Camilla*?

Enter Camilla.

Cam. How dare you be here? For to my knowledg you were lately baniſh'd: But you deſerv'd ſeverer Puniſhment.

Pol. For taking the heart from you, I once gave you? Madam, *I* will be ſworn *I* never did.

Cam. Well, if you did, that is but petty-Larceny; An honeſt Jury, eſpecially of Women, Won't value ſuch a heart as yours at ten-pence. But for the barbarous robbery committed On your kind Friend, I think you deſerve death.

Pol. Madam, ſuppoſe *I* conquer'd *Mrs. Lovely*; Then, Madam, ſee the triumph of your Beauty; I'll part with my Dominion over her, To be your Vaſſal, by the name of Husband.

Cam. Oh! Sir! we are not fit for one another; *I* have no Fortune, Sir, and that you love: You've no Religion, Sir, and that I love.

Pol. *I* love to live in decency and eaſe, And *I*'ve enough for that to ſerve us both.

Cam. *I* have enough for me, withqut your help.

Pol. You are a Light, and ought to ſhine aloft; And *I* can give you a convenient riſe, Some five and twenty hundred Pound a year.

Cam.

Cam. That tempts not me.
Pol. Well, though you own Religion,
I do not find you are of any Church.
Cam. How? of no Church?
Pol. No, Madam; what, ſlight Money?
You're a Diſſenter from all Churches, Madam.
And truly you renounce your Nation.
Can you pretend to be of *Engliſh* Blood,
And will not part with any thing for Money?
Cam. Nay, Money is too much ador'd amongſt us;
Merit gets nothing without Money here.
Well, Heaven without Money may be had.
Pol. Nay, no doubt, Madam, you will go to Heaven:
But 'tis great pity you ſhou'd go a foot.
Cam. I think the Foot-path is the readieſt way;
So many Coaches wander, that methinks
The way appears too narrow for a Coach.
I obſerve many of our Spiritual Guides,
When they're in Coaches, drive another Road.
Pol. Madam, 'tis true; therefore be you my Guide;
And out of love to Goodneſs pity me,
Your love will charm me into Piety.
Cam. Not when I am your Wife, Charmers and Sorcereſſes
Loſe all their power when they are in bonds.
I will not countenance ſo bad a man.
Pol. Cruel young Beauty, you are to this Town,
Like a cold Spring; how many tender Plants
Does your ſeverity ſuppreſs and kill?
You ſpoil the growth of hundreds of young Sparks,
They languiſh, and will ne're be perfect men.
You nip much blooming wit, we fear 'twill die,
Inſtead of ſprouting upwards, it ſhoots down.
And now you check my budding Piety.
I wou'd and ſhou'd be good if you were mine;
Vertue will then have all your Charms to win me,
And ſin have no temptation to corrupt me.
When I'm poſſeſt of you, I've all I wiſh;
But you to new Temptations call me off;
Now if I ſin, my ſin be at your door.
Cam. Well, if I yield, record it in your thoughts,
'Tis not by your Eſtate to raiſe my Fortune,
But to advance your Vertue by my love,
For I will be no richer than I am;
I will with you have nothing but your ſelf.
Pol. Can I content thee? thou ſhalt have me all,
Were I ten *Polidors*; and wou'd I were,
T'enjoy thee ten times more than I can now.

Cam. Madam, I'm hither come at your Command, What is your Pleasure?

Enter Mrs. Lovely.

Mrs. Lo. 'Tis to share in Pleasure, Madam, My Husband is to night in excellent humour, And is resolv'd upon a Ball and an Entertainment, and Desir'd me to invite you, as one of the best of my Friends.

Cam. Madam, I shall be proud to call you Friend, If you continue in that good state of mind, where last I left you.

Mrs. Lo. Madam I do, and shall do so, I hope, Blest be the day when first we came acquainted.

Mrs. Lovely *makes Signs of anger at* Polidor. *Enter* Lovely.

Lo. What quarrelling again with *Polidor*? Ha, ha! My over-vertuous Dear! good to excess, Come he's a better man, than thou believ'st—— Pardon him, I say, and let us all be happy—— My Charming Rogue.——

Enter Thornback *and* Lionell.

Lio. Madam, I'm married; I am Madam *Thornback*.

Mrs. Lo. I'm glad on't——Mrs. Bride, I wish you joy.

Lo. So do I.

Pol. And I. [*All Salute* Lionell.

Enter Cecilia, *and Sir* John Shittlecock.

Ce. Oh! Sister! I'm my Lady Shittlecock.

Sir Joh. And I'm King *Shittlecock*, King *Solomon*, And here's my Queen of *Sheba*, who is leaving Her habitation, to see my Glory.

Mrs. Lo. Sister, you have made quick dispatch; but I hear Sir *John* is a Gentleman of a good Family and Estate; So I am glad of your good Fortune, Sister.

Lo. So am I.

Cam. I wish you joy, Madam. [*All Salute* Cecilia.

Sir Joh. Oh! Pox! wou'd I were unmarried; that Madam *Camilla* is handsomer than my Wife. No Pox! Yes Pox! No Pox! my Wife is handsomer than she.

Lo. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you shall give me Leave to treat you, and the Married Couples shall bed here.

Thorn. } A match! a match.
Sir Joh. }

Lo. Go bid the Fiddles strike up; [*A Dance.*
Now I've all Joys by me on Earth desir'd;
By her I most admire, I am admir'd. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Dogget*, who Acts *Thornebark*.

YOU, Gallants, your own Pictures love to view,
And some, we hope, are here d'anon pretty true.
Old ugly Beaus, *in me your selves behold,*
You get young Women, only by your Gold;
For Women fancy nothing else that's Old.
Yet your Opinions of your selves are great,
No Man so Old, to out-live Self-Conceit.
But you, young Beaus, *be not too proud and vain;*
Beaus *without Money, seldom Women gain.*
A giddy Shittlecock, *indeed, may catch*
A Female Fool, for Nature made the Match;
Like will to like: But Women that have Wit,
Only good Settlements, and Joyntures get.
And Beaus, *if Fools, then do not get their Hearts,*
Though they be Fools of Honour, Fools of Parts;
Such as you see in Lovely, *here display'd;*
Though swinging Beaus, *they're swinging Cuckolds made.*
And common Women (every Mortal knows)
Think Guineys are the only tempting Beaus.
They will not stake, before they draw a Prize,
And they see Benefitted Tickets rise.
Till then, they cry——Sir, I the thought abhor——
——I'm not the Woman, which you take me for.
But when the little shining round-fac'd Rogues,
Call'd Guineys, peep——Ah! how a Jilt Collogues.
Then on her Callies she begins to Sken;
She pats their Cheeks, and calls 'em——Pretty Men.——
Wit is——(whatever Gallants you suppose)
A needful thing, in making perfect Beaus.

How

How to make men, Pythag'ras *did deviſe,*
And Women have no finger in the Pyes.
Troth, from that Cookery Women ſhou'd be barr'd,
For Men are very oft by Women Marr'd.
Beaus have ſometimes a very inſipid taſte,
For Women have the raiſing of the Paſte.
Wit (paſt diſpute) to make a Man compleat,
Is one Ingredient, in his ſtrange receipt.
Sirs, if much Wit did not to day appear,
Forgive it; all things now are ſcarce and dear;
None more than Wit. Some foreign Lands complain
Of Famine; we are ſo ſupply'd with Grain,
Store of moſt kinds ('tis ſaid) is ſent from hence;
I doubt we cannot ſpare one grain a Sence.
But on our Heroes now ſuch Planets ſmile,
Wiſdom, and Wit, will once more grace this Iſle.

FINIS.